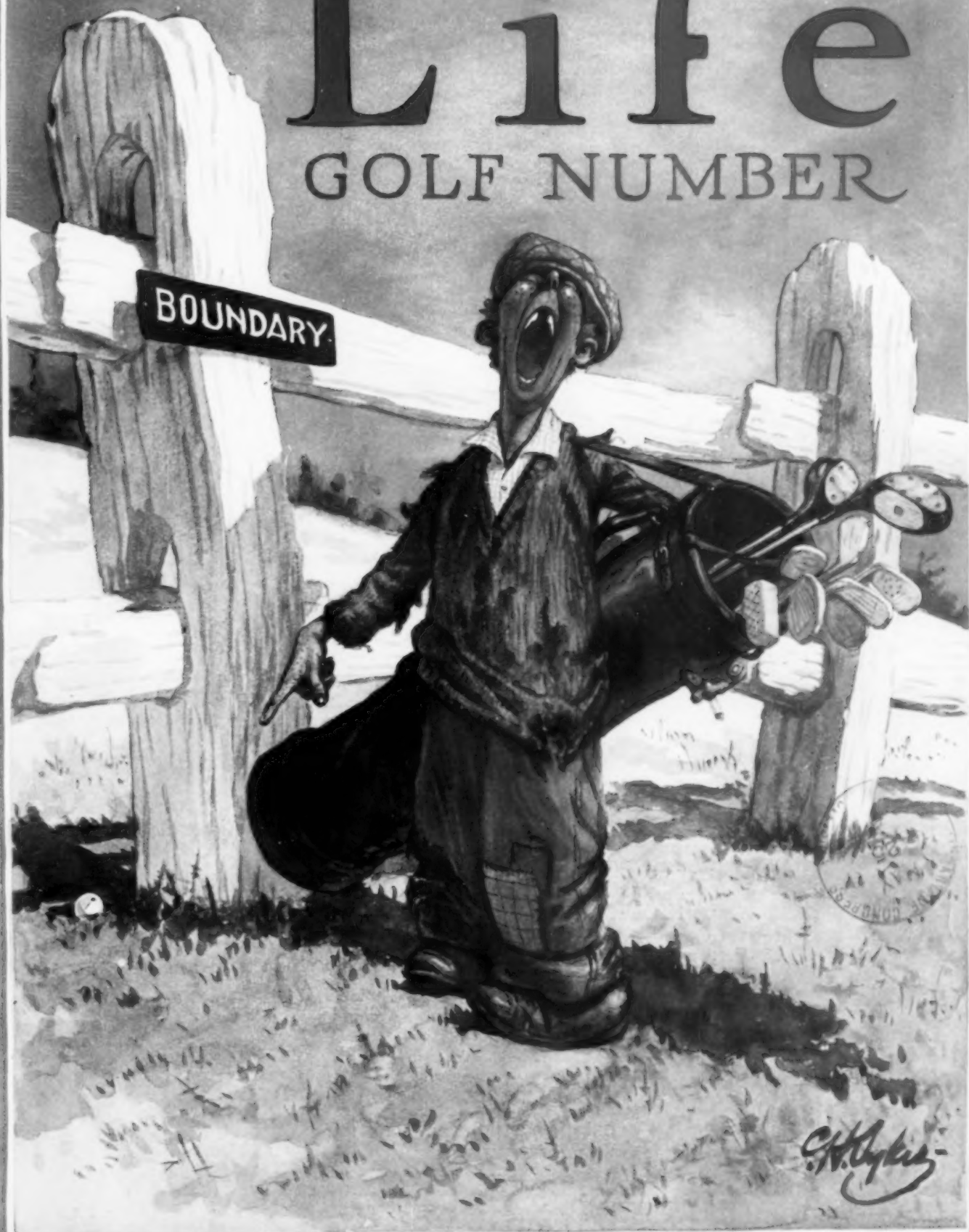


# Life

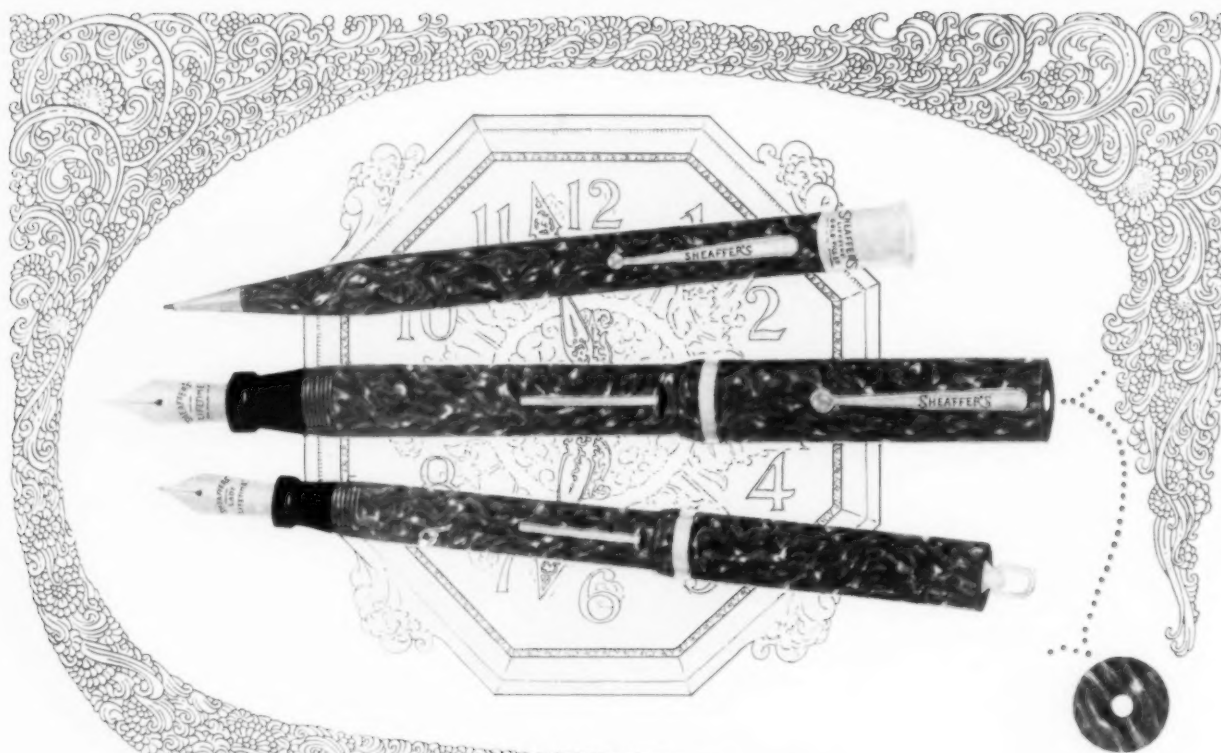
## GOLF NUMBER



May 27 1926

THE KILLIOY

Price 15 cents



Identify the aristocrat  
of pens by this  
white dot

*This fountain pen of the hour  
is the pen for a lifetime*

The overwhelming success of the Sheaffer Lifetime has been due to the fact that it is not only a beautiful fountain pen but a dependable writing tool at all times. Because it is "fool proof" we *unconditionally guarantee* it for a lifetime. Superlative workmanship and the use of lustrous Radite, a practically unbreakable jade-green material, which is three times as costly as the rubber ordinarily used, make this remarkable guarantee possible. The Titan pencil here shown, with the propel-repel-expel lead control, is made with the same infinite care, and will not jam. Both are Sheaffer's finest products.

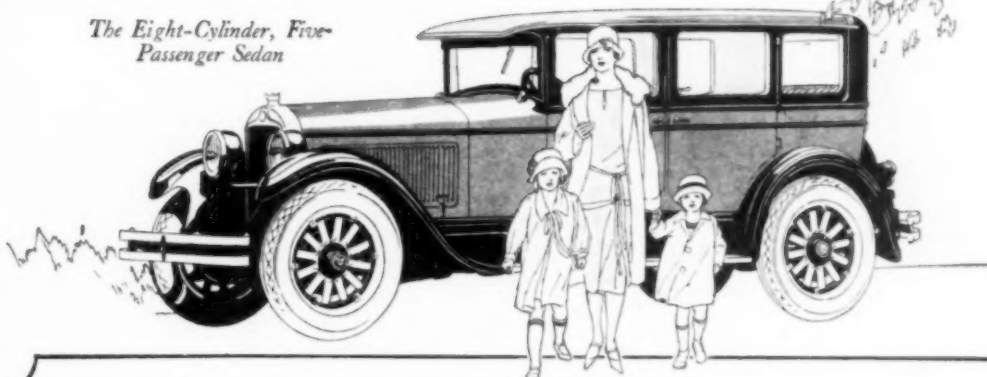
"Lifetime" pen, \$8.75—pencil, \$4.25—Lady "Lifetime," \$7.50—guaranteed

At better stores everywhere

**SHEAFFER'S**  
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

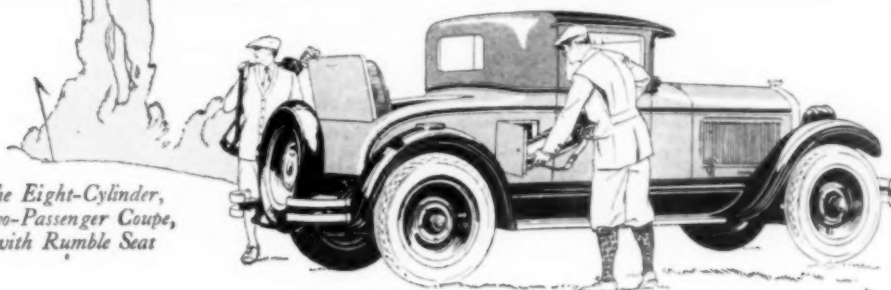
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY  
FORT MADISON, IOWA

*The Eight-Cylinder, Five-Passenger Sedan*



# HUPMOBILE EIGHT

*The Eight-Cylinder, Two-Passenger Coupe, with Rumble Seat*



Two beautiful Hupmobiles—the Eight Sedan and the Eight Coupe.

The Sedan for the family. Beautifully upholstered, richly appointed and the choice of two attractive colors in finish. The Coupe for the business man—distinctive in its two-tone combination of Killarney gray and Dundee gray, with a rumble seat for two additional passengers on occasion. Both with the latest clear-vision bodies, of course; and with the wonderful performance which has made this car the largest-selling straight eight in the world.

## Hupmobile Eight

Sedan, five-passenger, \$2345. Sedan, Berline, \$2445. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$2345. Touring, five-passenger, \$1945. Touring, seven-passenger, \$2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

## Hupmobile Six

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, \$1385. Coupe, two-passenger with rumble seat, \$1385. Touring, five-passenger \$1325. Equipment includes 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

80

# YOU OWE YOURSELF A RIDE IN THIS FINEST *of* CARS

WE OFFER you the Chrysler Imperial "80" as, literally, the finest of cars.

And we ask you to expect from it more than the finest of previous fine cars has ever offered.

At first glance, you cannot fail to note a new perfection of design—a *fleetness*, if you please, of line and a taste and beauty in coloring that accurately predicate great things.

You will next be fascinated by a luxury and attention to the niceties of detail that excel the finest craftsmanship of America and Europe.

But, after all, these are externals, and the Imperial "80" serves you even better in the serenity of its operation than in the eye-appeal of its unusual grace and beauty.

Not alone does the Imperial "80" give you the speed ability of 80 miles an hour, and all of the surety of 92 horse-power, but the *way* it transports you at all speeds and

on all roads is a revelation of the supreme state to which Chrysler has brought the art of motor car design and manufacture.

We might well be accused of exaggeration should we attempt to describe the superlative ease of Imperial "80" motion—the way it *flows* from a snail's pace to 60, 70 and 80 or more miles per hour; the way it flashes in and out of traffic, nimbly distancing the fastest and finest on the road; its incomparable steadiness even at highest speeds and on roughest pavements.

You must know the Chrysler Imperial "80" to experience the utmost in luxury, suavity and enduring soundness which the highest skill in fine car building now offers.

We invite you—indeed, we urge you, to ride in the Imperial "80"—confident that you too, like the hosts who already acclaim it, will pronounce it the greatest car you have ever known.

# CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

# "80"

80

UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 to 7 PASSENGERS





MAY 25 '26

# Life

## Parting

**N**O, low-dog, I won't take a case;  
I'm through!  
I ought to muss your honest face—  
I'm through!  
In stuff whereto you gave your oath  
'Twas nectar for some sweet God's  
growth  
Was creosote—carbolic—both!  
I'm through!

Close up your brief case, lout, and mind,  
I'm through!  
You broke my faith in human kind.  
I'm through!  
Your honest brow, your lips so fine,  
Your bashful mien, that eye of thine—  
Oh, why did I believe your line?  
I'm through!

Your bunk is all of pre-war blends—  
I'm through!  
You helped me poison forty friends.  
I'm through!  
God knows—about their poor insides  
Run ethers, raw, and aldehydes.  
Get out of here—you prince of snides!  
I'm through!

*Gordon Seagrove.*

## The Sporting Goods Clerk Goes Cuckoo

**Y**ES, sir, right this way...a five-tube practice set strung with the finest Oriental gut...total weight, three and a half ounces, and you get an extra bowstring...if you can't get Milwaukee with that brassie I'll return your money...Paul Whiteman made the set himself...it's modeled on the very racket he used against René Lacoste...no, I wouldn't advise your getting a heavier mashie...it'll carry your aerial right down to the bottom and the only way to get good snapshots is to keep the ball about three inches under the surface...I never had one of these radio frequency outfits warp on me yet and I paddled one up the St. Lawrence...you can try it out on the floor, but be careful of those hooks...it's been reduced, but if you ask me, I'd rather have a double-barreled gun than one of those fancy-striped bathing suits...well, it does seem a little heavy in the handle but you mustn't leave the charger on the A battery longer than necessary...shall I have it stenciled or



THE INCOMPLEAT GOLFER

ELIZABETH, THE VIRGIN QUEEN,  
PLAYED WITH A LUCK MOST TOUGH;  
FOREVER OFF THE FAIRWAY, SHE  
WAS ALWAYS IN THE RUFF.

have you got your own favorite collection of dry flies?...they can't go dead; if they do you must be using the wrong stance...we're all out of croquet mallets, why don't you use a pair of lady's moccasins for the time being?...we can take two inches off the stern for you and you ought to hit the middle of the target every time...it's the only loudspeaker that will stay on the fairway in a heavy wind...the fish go mad over it...what kind of a horse did you say you had?

*Henry William Hanemann.*

## Between Slices

**G**OLF is the easiest thing on earth to know little about. I speak from experience. Experts and professionals, the country over, claim that I know less about it than any ten other players combined.

The first time I ever heard two golfers talking, I got a wrong impression of them. Quite often they said "caddie," "brassie," "mashie" and "birdie." I thought those were rather soft words for he-men to be using.

*Les Van Every.*

## A Good Loser

**A**FTER the operation, the "cloak-and-suiter" regaled his friends with the details.

"The operation set me back ten thousand, five hundred dollars—five hundred to the surgeon feller, and ten thousand life insurance I lost by recovering—and yet, I can't say honestly that I regret it."

## National Characteristics

**C**ALL an Englishman a liar, and he'll fight. Call a Frenchman a coward, and he'll fight. And try to tell an American what a terrible show "Abie's Irish Rose" is...

**Y**OUNG HUSBAND (*proudly*): My baby can say "da-da!"

**BACHELOR**: Mine can say "sugar-daddy," "high-ball," "oh, hell," and "step on it!"



Mr. Bluejay (*returning to the old nest*): THAT DARNED SPECKLED OWL MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND IN MY ABSENCE.



A SUGGESTION FOR PUBLIC LINKS

TEACHER (on the subject of polar bears): What do we sometimes see on icebergs coming down from the North?  
REAL ESTATE'S SON: "Florida or Bust."

## The Bunk Factory

IT was precisely on the stroke of nine that President E. P. ("Old Exclamation Point") Blah appeared at the offices of Bunk Products, Inc.

"On time as usual, I see, Simpkins," he remarked to his chief clerk.

"It is to unfailing punctuality, efficiency and industry that I attribute my success in life, sir," replied Mr. Simpkins, who had been connected with the firm for twenty-eight years and was making thirty-five dollars a week. "In other words, Formula B-24-a."

"Excellent!" approved Mr. Blah. "Excellent! And now, Simpkins, what have we to report to-day?"

"Tremendous demand for Line 68, sir," said Simpkins. "As you recall, this is entitled in the catalogue, 'Sample Speeches for Politicians Who Don't Know Whether Their Districts Are Wet or Dry.' Swamped with orders, Mr. Blah. And a steady increase in

good old reliable Line 27 — 'Advice to a Young Lover Desirous of Convincing Her She Is the Only Girl He Ever Really Loved.'"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the great man. "But how about 27-b — 'Advice to a Young Girl Desirous of Convincing Him He Is the Only Man She Ever Really Loved?'"

"I regret to report, sir, that the market on 27-b appears to be stagnant. The influence of the publicity given Miss Peggy Joyce, you know, sir, and——"

"H'm, h'm, I feared as much. Well, we can't have everything our own way. Good results from 'How to Thank Your Hostess After a Perfectly Terrible Party?'"

"A sell-out, sir."

"And 'Proving Conclusively to Traffic Policeman Your Car Can Only Make Fifteen'? And 'Golf Scores and How They Lie'? And 'Admonitions to Candidates on Coming Out Flatly in Favor of Christianity and the Constitution?'"

"All instantaneous hits, Mr. Blah. And I might add, sir, that 'Sizzling Sermons, or Radio Roaring on Stormy Sundays' is proving more than popular among the clergy. We have had letters from a number of pastors who have just broken onto Page One by denouncing something."

"Well, well, the concern's affairs seem to be in good condition. I'll be leaving now, Simpkins, and if any one wants me, say I am engaged upon important business."

Whereat both Mr. Blah and Simpkins broke into hearty laughter, for was this not Formula 1 ("Old Original"), upon which the tremendous success of Bunk Products, Inc., had been founded? In a word, yes.

Tip Bliss.

## They Call it "GOLF"

### First Hole

"SO I says to him, Mr. Ginsberg, I says: 'Maybe you should like I should give you my business?' I says, 'So far as I've heard,' I says, 'there ain't yet any law a feller shouldn't make reasonable profits.'"

## Not So Picturesque

"IS she in a good frame of mind?"

"I didn't know her mind was good enough to frame."

"ALL things come to him who waits," except to-morrow, which is what he's waiting for.



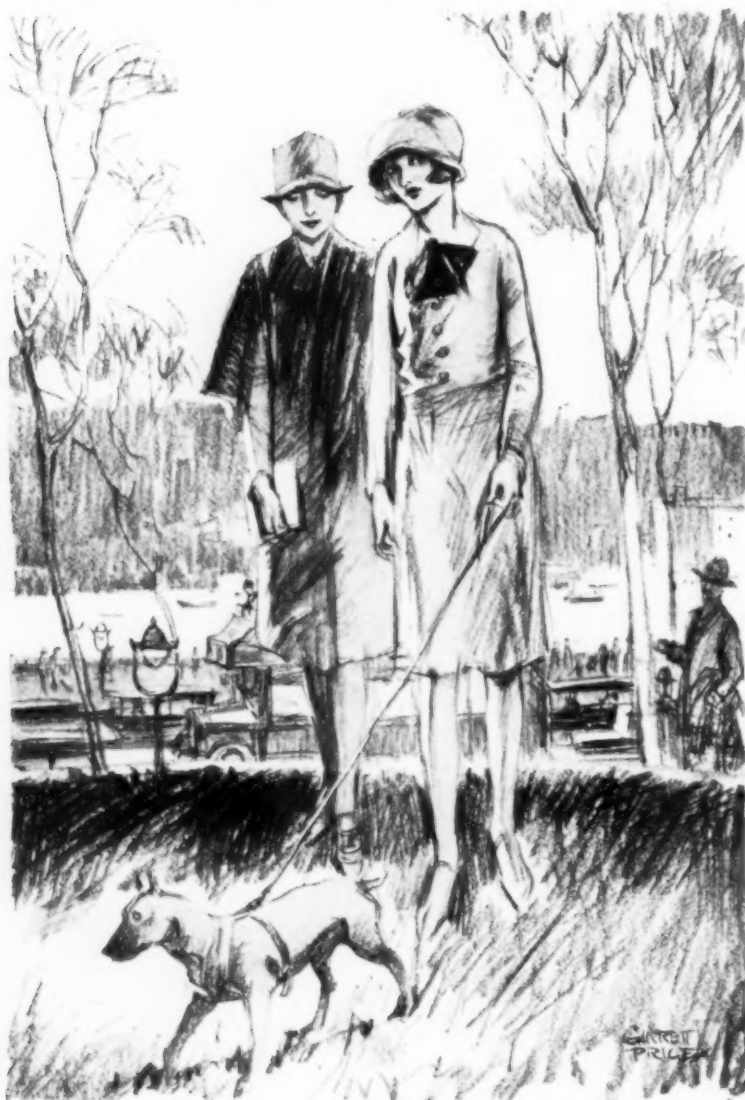
Keeping Fit for Business  
Or, A Good Start Is Half the Battle

## Discarded!

HIS cruel fingers clutched my throat,  
 I had no voice to scream or cry;  
 Ruthless, he dragged me to his boat—  
 I saw the harbor lights flash by!  
 His eager lips I could not stay,  
 My gurgling protests he would throttle;  
 He made me what I am to-day—  
 A poor, discarded, empty bottle!

Earle Rogers.

"WHAT is his religion?"  
 "Well, he doesn't believe in Coolidge."



## A CANDID OPINION

Polly: TELL ME NOW, TRULY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TOMMY BLACK?  
 Dolly: WELL, HE'D MAKE A GOOD FIRST HUSBAND.

Life



Lines

HAVING been the first to demonstrate the possibility of flying there and back in a day, Lieut.-Commander BYRD is hereby nominated for president of the Pole-in-One Club.

⌋

Among those who are understood to have booked passage on the next flight to the North Pole are the members of the PULITZER Committee who awarded this year's novel prize to SINCLAIR LEWIS.

⌋

Prohibition Director JAMES E. JONES points out that there are no drunken men wandering about the streets now. No, sir! When a man gets drunk on the present-day stuff, he doesn't wander. He lies where he falls.

⌋

Maytime in England being what it is, the workers who chose that season to go out on strike were doubtless cheered by the reflection that it is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all.

⌋

A strike of six-day bicycle riders was averted in Berlin. Why?

⌋

The price of \$22,500 paid for the signature of BUTTON GWINNETT probably establishes a record for all names prior to the invention of the dotted line.

⌋

"A feature of the evening's entertainment was the 'bobbing' of Mrs. Reid's long tresses. Refreshments in harmony with the occasion were served."

—*Patience (Neb.) Chief.*

Cold cuts, perhaps? Or maybe, the guests bobbed for apples.

⌋

Chief Magistrate McAnoo says it is impossible nowadays to recognize a crook by his looks. In other words, it's a wise bootlegger who knows his own dry agent.

⌋

A Chicago boy of nineteen recently asked his father's consent to a second marriage. This increase in parental respect by the younger generation is very encouraging.

⌋

Although Mr. EDISON assures us that the world needs no more inventions, we think there is a market for some device which will tell the recipient of a radio photograph just how the sender really looks.



## What They Really Say

THE two ladies stand at the edge of the court, in conversation, while the press photographers are taking positions for the barrage of snapshots that must precede anything so important as the final round of a tennis tournament. A lady in the stand comments, "Isn't it sweet that those two girls are so friendly, so amiable, even though they are deadly rivals? I'd just love to hear what they are saying."...

FIRST LADY EXPERT: That's a darling frock, my dear; so simple. Just the thing for tennis. Homemade, isn't it?

SECOND LADY EXPERT: I don't know that Patvovs is in the habit of taking his creations home to sew—but, possibly, in that event.

FIRST LADY EXPERT: They say he'll do anything for advertising.

SECOND LADY EXPERT: Provided it is advertising. You've never worn any of Patvovs's things, have you?

FIRST LADY EXPERT: I wouldn't lend myself to such practices; they're hardly sporting.

SECOND LADY EXPERT: That's so, my dear; I'd almost forgotten. You endorse facial creams. Or was that last season?

FIRST LADY EXPERT: I must get you to try the one I endorsed, and still use. They have it even in the beauty parlor of your delightfully old-fashioned hotel, and I'm sure if you tried it during tour-



"WHY DO YOU WEAR THOSE GARTERS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T ANY STOCKINGS ON?"  
"THESE ARE NOT GARTERS, DEARIE; THEY'RE JUST ATTENTION CALLERS."

nament week, they'd forget to bill you for the treatment, too.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICE: Now, if you ladies will just shake hands and smile, friendly-like. That's it, one moment, ladies.

The photographers finish their work and the lady experts smilingly take positions on opposite sides of the net.

James Kevin McGuinness.

## Sympathy in the Local Room

REPORTER: Smudge, the Chamber of Commerce statistician, just committed suicide!

CITY EDITOR: Decided to end-to-end it all, eh?

ADD Similes of 1926: As commonplace as garters to a bus conductor.



AFTER THE FLOOD

"HOORAY! THERE'S THE FIRST TEE!"



## The LIFE Polar Expedition

*Special Correspondence from Robert Benchley*

**E**N ROUTE with LIFE's Bicycle Polar Expedition—May 24.

We chose this route northward, through Mt. Vernon, Tuckahoe and Scarsdale, because we figured out that it might be pleasant to stop off at my house in Scarsdale for maybe a bite to eat, or, in case there was not time for that, at any rate to let the boys see our bicycles. But I guess now that we would have done better to take the Hudson River road.

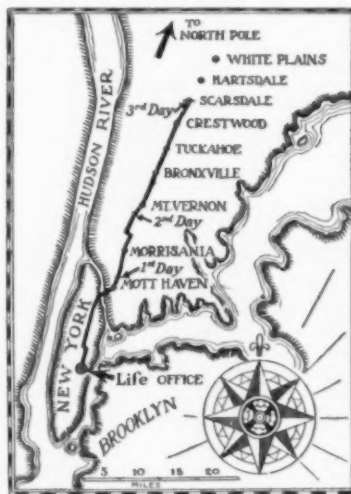
We reached Scarsdale late yesterday afternoon, intending to put in at my side-yard, get a drink of cool water and perhaps a pocketful of Rosa's cookies, show my two boys how the gyro-balancer works, and then push on to White Plains for the night. The cool-water-and-cookies part of the plan worked out to the dot, but in demonstrating the gyro-balancer to the boys we ran into a snag which has held us up for an entire day.

It was really due to the kind-heartedness of Lieut.-Commander Connelly that the whole thing happened. He insisted on removing his gyro-balancer from the frame of his "bike" in order to show Nathaniel, my older boy, just how it worked, and, as he did so, he laid the loose nuts on a piece of paper on the ground. Robert, my younger boy (who is only six and so mustn't be blamed too much), claims that he didn't go near the paper or the nuts. And he probably doesn't realize that he did. But one of the nuts was found over a nail on a boat that he was working on a few feet away, and the other had disappeared completely.

A search was immediately instituted which covered every square inch of the lawn and extended into the street—those things roll so. But when darkness came

we were no nearer to finding it than we had been at the beginning, and it was necessary to telephone back into New York for an extra nut, which they said they would send out the first thing in the morning. It is now 4:17 in the afternoon and the man hasn't come yet. We are very discouraged.

It was while we were searching for the nut that a neighbor came up and asked us if we had heard anything about the Byrd expedition's having flown over the Pole. I got him aside out of ear-shot of the other men and asked him if he was sure. He said no, but that he had seen a cartoon in some paper which seemed to have reference to a successful flight by Byrd. I, however, laughed his fears away and went back to the search. Even if Byrd *does* beat us to it, his victory will have been by flying-machine, while ours will be by bicycle—two entirely different things.



MAP SHOWING GREAT STRIDES MADE BY EXPEDITION TO DATE.

The trip from Mt. Vernon to Scarsdale was one of great beauty and was accomplished without a mishap. The route led along the Bronx River Parkway, through woods and across streams, which made up in a way for the rough time we had in the traffic in New York City.

While passing through Tuckahoe, Lieut.-Commander Connelly saw a scarlet tanager perched on a bush overhanging the stream. Thinking that it might be interesting to have it for our collection of flora and fauna which we are making for the Museum, we dismounted and crept up very quietly beside it, thinking to bag it before it could collect its wits. But it heard us coming and flew away.

There is a particularly odd family of ferns which grows along the bank of the Bronx River, and, ferns not being as agile as birds, we were able to pick great quantities of it. I wish that some of my readers could tell me what the name of it is. It is green, like other ferns, but it seems to have a sort of flower which looks like a carnation. The blossom was still in bud and so we were unable to tell exactly what it does look like, but I should say that a carnation would just about fit it. Any naturalist who happens to have run across this fern, and who knows what it is, would relieve our minds considerably if he, or she, would write to the LIFE Polar Expedition, General Delivery, White Plains, N. Y., and tell us. Just a regular fern, with carnation blossom.

We are now going out into the side-yard again with a flashlight to take another look for the missing nut, as evidently the man from town isn't going to bring out that extra one to-day, and we *must* get started early to-morrow morning.

Every cloud, they say, has a silver lining, and, as a result of our being held up here in Scarsdale like this, we have been able to have some of Rosa's excellent baked-beans. I find it almost impossible to get *real* New England baked-beans in this region, unless you tell some one just how they should be done. In the first place, it must be a California pea-bean that is used, and these should be put to soak the night before and then baked in a slow fire all the next day. If we had got away when we expected, the beans would not have been ready. So perhaps we were a little harsh with Bobbie.



THE GAY NINETIES

A MIXED FOURSOME IN THE DAYS WHEN THE FAIRWAYS THEMSELVES, PLUS THE USUAL STRAY COW, WERE THE ONLY HAZARDS NECESSARY.

### The Supreme Achievement

ALL honor to the gallant Commander Byrd.

And, while we're on the subject, all

*They Call it "GOLF"*

#### Second Ho'e

"THEY ought to be a law or something to stop this here crime wave. Us law-abidin' citizens ain't got a chance. Even my bootlegger, the big robber, he tries to stick me seventy-five a case yesterday."

honor to that indomitable Norseman, Capt. Roald Amundsen.

These brave men, venturing into the unknown on fragile wings, have restored our faith in the existence of heroic romance. They have reached the North Pole by air. They have observed, from a bird's-eye view, regions never before beheld by the eyes of man.

But let us not forget to accord them full praise for the greatest of their achievements:

By crowding the Conservatives and Laborites alike off the front page, they actually settled the British General Strike.

It is for this that they deserve to be remembered.

### The Vulgar Heard

"HAVE you seen these new balloon skirts?"

"No, when's the next ascension?"

*They Call it "GOLF"*

#### Third Hole

"SO the wife says: 'Suppose maybe I should bring some of my friends to your office to lunch, seein' you're so handy invitin' yours out to the house to dinner.' They got no reasonableness, these women!"



THE STRATEGIST

*Manager:* KEEP 'AT LEFT HAND UP; KEEP IT RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF TH' CHAMP'S NOSE ALLA TIME, SEE? DON'T LET IT DROP. KEEP WHIPPIN' IT INTO TH' CHAMP'S NOSE; JES' STABBIN' AN' PECKIN' AT HIM. AN' WHEN YOU SHOOT 'AT LEFT HAND OUT, PULL YER SHOULDER UP TO COVER YER CHIN, SEE? KEEP IT UP, SEE? 'AT WAY THE CHAMP WON'T BE ABLE TO SOCK YOU WITH TH' RIGHT.

*Boxer:* BUT SUPPOSE TH' CHAMP DOES SOCK ME WITH TH' RIGHT; WHAT DO I DO THEN?

*Manager:* YOU DON'T DO NOTHIN'. I AN' A COUPLE OF OTHER GUYS WILL HOP RIGHT IN TH' RING AN' CARRY YOU BACK TO YER STOOL.



RIGHT INTO A TRAP!

## Monuments from the Heart

OVERCROWDING our cemeteries with unsightly and inartistic examples of the stone-cutter's industry is a practice which has long seemed an absurdity to clear-thinking persons. More and more they are turning to memorials which will be of future aid to the living rather than eventually perishing reminders of the dead. Not all of us can endow hospitals or institutes of learning, but it is within the power of those of moderate means to create a perpetual tribute of well-doing for those whose memory they revere. The reference is to the Fresh Air Endowments, each of which insures that for all time some little poor child of the city tenements shall have a summer outing among the trees and green fields of the country.

The method is simple. LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has created a trust fund in perpetuity with the Bankers Trust Company, the income from which is turned over to this practical and humane philanthropy. Each contribution of two hundred dollars creates an Endowment which will commemorate for all time the name or designation chosen by the donor. Every safeguard possible is thrown about this trust with provision for the changes that come to all things human. The two hundred dollars with the designation desired should be sent to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Funds have been received from Mrs. C. B. Henry of Lincoln, New Hampshire, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 301  
In the name of KATHERINE HENRY.

From an anonymous donor in Albany, New York, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 302  
The YALE-WHEELER ENDOWMENT.

From Mrs. Frank J. Sheble of Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 303  
In loving Memory of ANN ELIZABETH SHEBLE, who loved LIFE and life and all living creatures.

From H. L. Mack, Esq., of San Francisco, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 304  
In the name of PATRICIA JEAN MACK.

From an anonymous donor in Jacksonville, Florida, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 305





Mental Hazards — — — — — *The Husband*



"WHAT DO YOU LIE?"  
 "I LIE THREE."  
 "I'LL SAY YOU DO."

### The Diary of a Nobody

**MONDAY**—At the office at nine to-day. Elevator boy said "Hello." Filed papers all day. Supper at six. Had hamburg steak and rice pudding.

**Tuesday**—At the office at eight-fifty-nine. The boss took Miss Jennings out to lunch, I think. Home at five-thirty. Wife wishes I could get a raise in salary. I wish I could. Read the papers until ten and then went to bed.

**Wednesday**—Changed shirt to-day.

They like us to look neat down at the office. Lunch at Childs'—butter-cakes, milk and apple pie. There was a fellow outside on the sidewalk selling neckties. Wish I could afford a radio. They say you can get Chicago easy nowadays.

**Thursday**—I thought the boss might raise me to twenty-eight a week, but he said he couldn't afford it now. I think he went to the ball game. Gee, I hope the Phillies win the pennant.

**Friday**—At the office at nine. We have a new switchboard operator. Lunch at the Automat. Went to the movies to-night to celebrate the fifth anniversary of this diary. Fine picture.

**Saturday**—I can get a radio—at last. I've just sold my diary to a famous author for five hundred dollars. He's going to use the material in it to write a significant American novel.

*Parke Cummings.*

**ENGLAND'S** attention has been shifted from the big League to the miners.

### The Expert

**CHARYBDIS** or Scylla—perhaps he will slice,

Or else he'll be subject to hooking,  
 The things that he says—well, are not very nice,

He counts every stroke—if you're looking;  
 He'll struggle around in a hundred and ten,

He's wild as the man in the moon,  
 But when he is back in the lockers again,

He shifts to a different tune.

He talks about dropping 'em dead to the pin,

He gets quite familiar with par,  
 He casually speaks about "shots that went in,"

And "pokes" that have "carried too far";

He tells how he sights every putt from the knee,

And mentions direction and power,  
 But lest he should fool you, just take it from me,

He's great at the game — in the shower!  
*Smoff.*

### Rule for Drivers

**A**N arm protruding from the car ahead means that the driver is

1. Knocking ashes off a cigarette.
2. Going to turn to the left.
3. Telling a small boy to shut up, he won't buy any red pop.
4. Going to turn to the right.
5. Pointing out a scenic spot.
6. Going to back up.
7. Feeling for rain.
8. Telling his wife, hell, yes, he's sure the kitchen door is locked.
9. Saluting a passing motorist or going to stop.

*Gerald Cosgrove.*

### They Call it "GOLF"

#### Fourth Hole

"**W**ELL, I hear this 'Cyrano' is a good show, but when I go to the theater I wanta be *amused*, if you know what I mean. What I mean is, there's enough sorrow in life without payin' good money to see it, if you know what I mean."

### They Call it "GOLF"

#### Fifth Hole

"**Y**EAH, every Sunday we drive out Westchester way. Sometimes Long Island. Some fellers would be satisfied stickin' around home, but I always say travel's what broadens the mind. You get me?"

# The Younger Married Set

By George S. Chappell

## III. Tennis Week

**A**LATE hour last Saturday marked the end of Tennis Week out our way and we can now sit back on our haunches and rest for a year. There are a number of cases of spavin, springhalt, heaves and charley-horse among the younger married set but, all in all, it was worth while, for the great annual event was really a grand success.

Tennis, out our way, has gone through a struggle for existence which has probably been paralleled in many another locality. Time was when it was the sport elected by all. Golf had we none and the cost of constructing a course seemed prohibitive. All the men folk used to rush daily from office to locker-room, there to slip into diseased-looking garments and thrash about madly for a set or two before dinner. Nothing has ever equaled the ripeness of the locker-room atmosphere in those strenuous days. The whole club reeked of exercise. Saturdays and Sundays were days of violent conflict. We built six courts, then six more; "the finest clay courts in the County," was our boast.

Illustrated by  
Gluyas Williams



"THEY WATCHED MR. HOOFFNER WITH INTEREST."

Then, with the increase in population and club membership, golf became a possibility. The course was built and, after heartrending financing, paid for. At once sprang up an intense rivalry between the two sports. Some of the more conservative members clung to their tennis. Doc Pettner, the genial oral surgeon and Chairman of our Entertainment Committee, was one. "I'm saving golf for my old age," he said, right out of his own head.

The Doc is rising fifty and his hair is touched with what he calls the "popular gun-metal finish," but he has young ideas about exercise and is always flexing his forearm and saying, "Feel of that...Six sets of singles yesterday!"

Well, the golf course was built and it was found necessary to run the fourth hole right alongside the outer tennis courts. This was disturbing to all hands. Doc Pettner and Henry Tuttle, another tennis fan, protested violently.

"How can we play," demanded Henry, "with these golf bugs shooting line drives at our temples? It's an outrage."

"Me eye," came back Joe Farwell, the demon driver. "How can we do our stuff when you let out a scream like a hoisting engine every time you get a ball over the net? You tennis players make me sick."



"YE GODS, DO THEY THINK WE'RE MADE OF MONEY?" HE CRIED.

The matter was settled out of court, so to speak, and Time, the great Healer, has soothed away all soreness. There was a natural drift to golf. More and more members hung up their rackets or gave them to their little ones and took down the implement of excavation. It was found that if four courts were done away with it would give followers of both sports more room to be wild in.

But tennis has survived, owing largely to the efforts of Henry Tuttle. Henry, I suspect, likes golf, but his position is peculiar. He married a tennis player, one of those real, dyed-in-the-wool racket-wielders, a near-champ. Hattie Tuttle's name used to be listed in the first flight. Four infants in quick succession have slowed up her game but she is still there with a wallop that is not confined to the base-line. It is also exercised in the court of domestic relations, where she holds Henry sternly to his duties as a husband and a tennis player.

It was Hattie who organized our first Ladies' Invitation Tournament, which features Tennis Week. She knows all the humdingers and makes them sign along the dotted line whether they mean to come or not. Then the Country Club springs onto the front page of the *Bulletin*, our local journal, and even gets notices in the metropolitan press, which Henry cuts out and saves for Hattie's scrapbook. There is something pathetic about his enthusiasm.

"You guys have just got to help me," he says. "Why, this is the Event of the Year. Come on, be a sport; help me with the lines, referee some of the matches, meet the girls—they're all corkers."

Dear old Hank, he is a good salesman and gets a lot of promises. Meanwhile Hattie is busy with invitations, publicity, housing, teas and the dance for visiting celebrities, a surprising number of whom actually come. They are parked among our villagers, who are all a-flutter over the entertainment of the sturdy Amazons whose habits often disarrange their placid ménages. Mrs. Libby, wife of our Club president, was quite outspoken about her house-guest of this year. "I don't object to her having her breakfast in her room," she said, "even if I do have to take the tray up myself, but I think this smoking cigarettes in bed is just horrid—the nasty, smelly things! And she never thinks of folding up a towel."

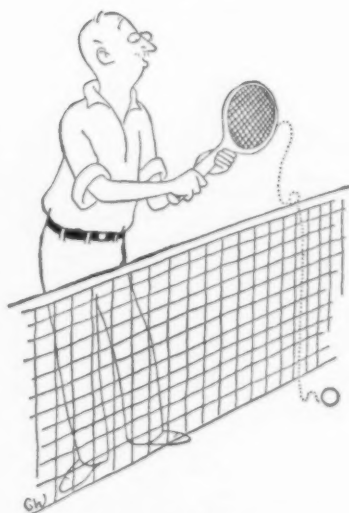
Mrs. Libby is an A-1 housekeeper but no athlete.

Mrs. Bemis had charge of the prizes and selected such sweet, feminine things—powder-boxes, necklaces à la Raquel Meller, sports parasols and the like. When the bill came in Luther Pritchett, our hard-boiled treasurer, squealed like a rabbit in a trap.

"Ye Gods, do they think we're made of money?" he cried. "Why, this darned tournament will set us back five hundred bucks. And what do we get out of it?"

Hattie Tuttle took him in hand. Willie Tripp says she soaked him with her racket. Anyway, overt objections ceased, the gladiators were wished on their hostesses, tea-afternoons were arranged and Tennis Week, of a Monday, got off to a slow but sure start.

We have ladies' singles and doubles, with mixed doubles thrown in as a sop to the local males. Doc Pettner, for instance, never fails to get himself allied with a partner of great prowess. This



"PETTNER SCORED THE WINNING POINT ON ONE OF HIS TRICKIEST SHOTS."

year it was Mrs. Hammer, whose terrific forearm is known from coast to coast. They met the Tuttles in the finals of this class. The Tuttles play a lot together because Henry knows his position so well, which is on the edge of the play, where he hovers, looking alert and eager. Willie Tripp, who refereed, playfully alternated his shouts of "Love all" with "Papa love Mama" and other frivolous remarks.

The Hammer-Pettner team won. The Doc's game is curious. In the back-court he is a handicap, for he will try to stroke the ball and his graceful Lawfords loop out into space or burrow

in the soil, but at the net his defensive racket-work results in placements which are surprising, and to none more than the player. "They are shots," said the referee as he climbed down from his dangerous stand improvised from a table and a bent-wood chair, "that only a dentist could make."

Pettner scored the winning point on one of his trickiest shots, a dribble from the wood of his racket to the tape, where the ball fell over as softly as a dying cream-puff. Mrs. Tuttle was furious and ignored the Doc completely. The poor chap was downcast until that gallant blade, our Mr. Bert Hoofner, rushed up and said, "Great work, Doc! You pulled it out with the little old foreceps—what?"

And now I can tell you how the irrepressible Hoofner literally saved the day of the main event, the Ladies' Doubles Finals, by one of the most spectacular stunts ever pulled out our way.

The weather had been fine until Friday night, when a hard, unceasing rain set in. Henry Tuttle didn't sleep a wink. He was at the Club early on Saturday, staring gloomily at the sodden courts. At eleven appeared Mr. Hoofner, dressed for a dog fight. "What ho, Henry!" he cried. "Why the gloom? What biteth thee?"

But Henry was in no mood for pleasantries. "Look at the courts," he said. "They're like glass..."

Bert pondered, and when Bert ponders, anything is apt to happen.

"I'll dry them," he said. "Wait a jiff. In the meantime, remember, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more."

His car hummed out of the drive. When he returned a half-hour later a fair gallery of tennis folk had gathered for the Gala Luncheon. They watched Mr. Hoofner with interest. Assisted by club menials, he was pouring the contents of several large cans over the surface of the championship court.

"Great Scott, man," (Cont. on page 35)



"ON THE EDGE OF THE PLAY, WHERE HE HOVERS, LOOKING ALERT AND EAGER."





Fay: DOES YOUR HUSBAND SMOKE A PIPE ALL THE TIME?  
May: YES—HE THINKS IT IMPROVES HIS PROFILE.

## An Affair of Honor

SCENE: A golf course; four Judges of the Supreme Court are about to play off.

FIRST JUDGE (to second): Your honor, Your Honor.

SECOND JUDGE (to first): Your honor, Your Honor.

THIRD JUDGE (to first, accusingly): Your honor, Your Honor?

FIRST JUDGE (to third, sheepishly): Your Honor, your honor.

THIRD JUDGE: Whose honor?

SECOND JUDGE: I said it was his honor, Your Honor, when it was really your honor.

FOURTH JUDGE (who up to this time has taken no part in the conversation): Allow me to say, Your Honor, it isn't your honor at all, or his honor, for that matter. It's actually my honor.

OTHER JUDGES (with a sigh): Well, now—that's settled. (At this point two opulent bootleggers approach and ask, courteously enough, "May we play through?" They do so.) H. W. H.

SPEAKING of summer apparel (as who is not?), it will be interesting to see whether the girls this year discard from strength or weakness.

## From a Club Chair

I SHOULD say a small town is one where they still have a bicycle rack in front of the post office.

\*\*\*

What troubles us is not that the younger generation does the same things we used to do, but that it doesn't deny doing them.

\*\*\*

The suspicion is abroad that the operation of making the world safe for democracy was a great success, only the patient died.

\*\*\*

It's a poor farm that can't aspire to become a country club when it grows up.  
James Kevin McGuinness.

## At Last

UNCLE SAM: You look worried, John. Is there anything I can do for you?

J. BULL: Thanks, Sam. You might ship a few coals to Newcastle.



"ME AND THE BUOY FRIEND"

# Life's Travel Contest

THE fourth letter from Joan Kinley appears herewith, and those who read it carefully will note that as usual she has made a few mistakes in her descriptions of Parisian scenes. That's the trouble with Joan: she's well meaning but not quite bright. She tries hard to get things straight, but the effort is too much for her.

Read all of Joan's eight letters (the first of them appeared in the May 6th issue of LIFE); watch for the misstatements of fact which appear in these letters; write an essay of not more than three hundred words on "What I Shall See in Europe"—and you will be in line for a prize in the Travel Contest.

Read the conditions carefully. Remember that no answers to this contest are to be submitted before Joan's return from Europe on June 24th.

## This Is Joan's Fourth Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

DEAR EDITOR: Well, I have been to Versailles, which is a magnificent palace near Paris, and now I'm frantically interested in all those colorful, romantic ladies like Marie Antoinette, Mme. Du Barry, Mme. Tussaud and Lucrezia Borgia who lived there and who did so much for French history. I think my particular favorite is Lucrezia Borgia, because if it hadn't been for her the French Revolution would never have been fought.

And as for poor Marie Antoinette! I shudder when I think how she must have felt when Napoleon was snatched from her and sent to St. Helena.

I also saw the room in which Mme. de la Pompadour wrote the Decameron, a work that I have never read but which I am told is very educational. Mme. de la Pompadour was

beheaded by Henry the Eighth, the nasty old thing! Thank heavens there have been no atrocities like that since the United States started directing world affairs.

We took the Louvre "on the run," so I only had a chance to see the "high spots," such as the Mona Lisa and the famous picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, but I did pick up some lovely post-cards which I shall send you. I was greatly surprised to learn that the Louvre isn't really a museum at all, but only the Art Department of a big department store.

Your own—

Joan Kinley



JOAN WRITES THAT SHE WENT TO THE LOUVRE AND SAW THE PICTURE OF WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

P. S. Next week I shall tell you all about the devastated area on the Marne, and then I go on to London to describe the results of this dreadful, dreadful strike.

The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return—with ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE.

There will be a second prize of \$250 in cash, a third prize of \$150, and a fourth prize of \$100.

## Conditions

ONE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. Copies of LIFE may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 1st** Awake late, and not feeling like the Queen of anything, owing to our revelry at the Bannings' last night and the influx of bills which certain busy-bee merchants make a point of mailing on the last day of each month. My husband, poor wretch, not feeling like a canary, neither, did mix us a potion of such revivifying merits that ere I knew it I was up and about, composing verse for the card to be attached to the silver bowl which I am giving Effie Goings, wed four years ago this day, for an anniversary present....To Camille, who cut my hair so short that methinks I look somewhat like a setter, albeit other beholders proclaim it a smart trim, and thence to Effie's luncheon at Pierre's, where I ate clams, minced chicken with potatoes and asparagus tips, chiffonade salad, and God knows what else for which Dr. Devol will no doubt scourge me severely, but having broken my regimen yesterday, methought of the sheep and lamb philosophy, and also, meaning to revert straightway to my strict diet, of Confucius's declaration that our greatest glory lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. At cards thereafter I did gain but two dollars, holding not one hand which looked, as Sam says, like a comic supplement. Much chatter, in especial of laws which should be enacted, and all did agree that there should be a statute fixing a minimum number of ash trays for any given drawing-room and one prohibiting hair-dressers from eating food cooked in garlic. And when Amy Banks did inquire, Where do you think I got the present I gave Effie? I answered immediately—

(Continued on page 32)

### They Call it "GOLF"

#### Sixth Hole

"WELL, if you're sure you ain't heard it, Mr. Ginsberg, it goes like this, only stop me if you recognize it. Well, it seems there was this little circus got stranded in this little town and they didn't have no place to put the bear overnight, so—"



Customer: I'D LIKE A BOTTLE TO KEEP A BABY WARM.  
Druggist: YES, SIR. AND WHAT PRICE FLASK WOULD YOU WANT?

### "Oh, June's My Favorite Month"

"I JUST love to hear about weddings....Dear little Martha Hibbard....What a beautiful bride she must have made....And such lovely presents....On Thursday Esther Higgins was married, too....They say she had so many presents they couldn't all be put in one room....All the girls seem to be getting married these days....Next week Dolly Carter is marrying that Howarth boy, Lydia March is marrying a Boston attorney and there is the big Corbett-Ludd wedding....The following week there are five more....Yes, I just love to hear about weddings....I am the town's best-known dealer in silverware, china and cut-glass." K. C.

TEACHER: Elsie, can you name five plants not good for food?

ELSIE: Turnips, carrots, parsnips, horseradish and spinach.

"SHE'S got her rancor up," said the sailor, when he called on his girl.

### Willing to Oblige

A NICE-LOOKING old lady, about to step from a taxicab, appeared to be having considerable difficulty fumbling with her hand-bag while holding her umbrella.

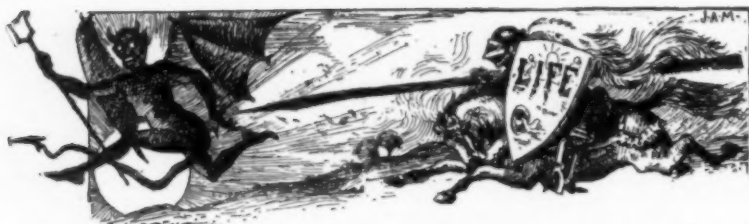
"Here, young man!" she called to the driver. "Can't you help an old lady to alight?"

"Sure! Sure, lady!" responded that worthy, producing a box of matches. "Where's yer cigarette?"

### They Call it "GOLF"

#### Seventh Hole

"IT'S practic'ly as wide-open as it ever was. You just ring three times an' ask for Charley, an' if they don't let you right in just use my name. I guess I spent enough money there!"



MAY 27, 1926

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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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ENGLAND nowadays seems to have been selected as a demonstration station where new styles in government and civilization can be exhibited. It is there most of all that the great social problems are being worked out. The general strike is part of that job. Whether it is long or short, England will not come out of it precisely as she went in. It seems stupid because it is so universally hurtful. In itself it does no one any good and is painful, costly and inconvenient to everybody, but perhaps as a stimulation to thought it may be of benefit. The English coal problem must find some solution. There were six months to solve it, with trouble obviously impending at the end of that period, but no solution was reached. Perhaps now after the trouble has eventuated, the necessary vigor to compel the solution may be found.

Besides that, the whole relation of union labor and all labor to society and government is receiving an exposition. Union labor is watching England to discover what is possible for it. For that matter everybody is watching England, and all of the observers who are capable of thought are trying to learn something from her experiences.

It is amusing to read the outgivings of some of the Italian papers to effect that now at last the British Empire is cracking, and gives evidence of being on its way to pot. The reasonable inference is of a feeling that the Italian Empire is about to rise on its ruins. Possibly, but more likely room will be found in the world for both of these political edifices.

Hardly any one rages about the strike. Among our respected sources of opinion very little partisanship appears. Almost nobody says the strikers are right and the government is wrong; almost everybody says they both are right in part and both are wrong in part. Mr. Baldwin gets sympathy from all sides, so the strike is really curious for the mildness of opinions about it.

Still at this writing matters remain in the hands of the moderates on both sides. Mr. Baldwin is manager for the government and not Mr. Winston Churchill, and with the labor people MacDonald, Thomas and the other moderates are still an active force for restraint, and the extremists cannot have their way. Besides that, British good-nature, so greatly admired in the war, seems to have survived it. The police do not shoot; indeed, they do not carry pistols. There has been as yet very little killing and at the beginning of the second week in May there is good prospect of working out this fight without any great disaster.



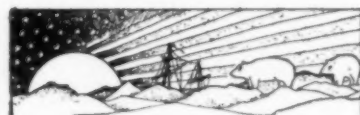
WHAT ails Sinclair Lewis? Has he got the big head, or is it merely that he is a little depressed because it is spring? One read of him in the papers the other day, in a pulpit of some kind, somewhere, railing at the Fundamentalists' God, and calling on Him to show what He could do in the way of resenting criticism. That is hardly out of print (and it echoed along for ten days) when out Lewis comes again and refuses the Pulitzer Prize of a thousand dollars conferred upon his latest book, "Arrowsmith." Certainly

this Lewis has a sense of the power of publicity. Even to one who has not read his books it is evident that he is a man of talent. And really with that Babbitt book and the others he did a surprising exploit.

All the same his defiance of the Fundamentalists' God was unnecessary. There is but one God, who bears with everybody, including all the Fundamentalists and Lewis, who, when he thinks of God at all, had better drop his velocities of language, and remember why he has hinges in his legs.

As to rejecting the Pulitzer Prize, that is a different thing. Most prizes are rather trying, unless the recipient likes the money or the fun. Lewis's objections to that one really have some basis. To set up a kind of court to give prizes for literary achievement implies an assumption of competence to decide which savors of assurance and is lawfully assailable by any one who is jarred by it. It makes no difference whether the Pulitzer Fund does it, or some other fund, or the Institute of Arts and Letters, which Mr. Lewis also denounces.

All the same, prizes and commendations are popular and not so dangerous as Mr. Lewis makes out. Royalties are safer, but even they are not infallible assurances of merit.



THE North Pole is one of the few localities on earth that can take care of itself. One never hears of trouble there—labor squabbles, wars, Prohibition fights, intrusions of suffragists, divorce, or worries about creeds or religion. Barring some annoyances about weather, it is one of the most orderly places in the world. Why there should be so constant a desire to discover and rediscover it and punch it up, is not explained, but since there is that desire, it is gratifying to report that Lieutenant-Commander Byrd has been to the North Pole in an airplane and reports it as doing about as usual.

The great trick about visiting the North Pole is to get back. Mr. Byrd got back all right and very promptly. No rescue expedition will have to be sent to find him. He has found himself. That is splendid.

E. S. Martin.







" Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of



Glory of the Coming of the Lord—"

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Bride of the Lamb.** *Henry Miller's*—The woman whose religion and sex got mixed, with Alice Brady excellent in the rôle.

**Craig's Wife.** *Morosco*—What happens when you pay too much attention to housekeeping. Chrystal Herne in a prize-winning play.

**The Great God Brown.** *Klaw*—Man's complicated existence the subject of a vague but none the less effective drama by Eugene O'Neill.

**The Half-Caste.** *National*—Awful.

**The Jazz Singer.** *Cort*—George Jessel showing that Broadway has a heart.

**Kongo.** *Biltmore*—A thrill, such as it is, a minute.

**Lulu Belle.** *Belasco*—The life and death of a colored gold-digger, furnishing Lenore Ulric with a startling rôle and excellent support from Henry Hull.

**The Servant in the House.** *Hampden's*—The old morality play revived by Walter Hampden.

**Sex.** *Daly's*—Don't expect too much.

**The Shanghai Gesture.** *Martin Beck*—Lots of trouble in a Chinese brothel, fomented by Florence Reed.

**Square Crooks.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Well, it seems that these crooks were on the level.

**Young Woodley.** *Belmont*—How love came to a boarding-school boy. Glenn Hunter splendid in the title rôle.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—This theatre can be emptied in perhaps a couple of years.

**Alias the Deacon.** *Hudson*—The one about the genial card-sharper.

**At Mrs. Beam's.** *Guild*—English boarding-house talk and very funny, too. Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**Cradle Snatchers.** *Music Box*—Middle-aged ladies having fun with schoolboys. Go on and laugh.

**The Gorilla.** *Selwyn*—The old burlesque melodrama back.

**The Importance of Being Earnest.** *Comedy*—A generally satisfactory revival.

**Is Zat So?** *Chanin's*—Still good.

**Laff That Off.** *Wallack's*—Nothing particularly wrong with this one, and a lot of people seem to like it.

**The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.** *Fulton*—The valuable Ina Claire, with the valuable Roland Young and A. E. Matthews, making a crook comedy very nice indeed.

**Love-in-a-Mist.** *Gaiety*—Madge Kennedy in something that gives her a fair chance, which is all she needs.

**Not Herbert.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Comedy mixed up with necktie robberies.

**One of the Family.** *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell having a terrible time with relatives.

**The Patsy.** *Booth*—A remarkably long-lived little play.

**Pomeroy's Past.** *Longacre*—Ernest Truex and Laura Hope Crews in something light but extremely pleasant.

**The Sport of Kings.** *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

**What Every Woman Knows.** *Bijou*—The Barrie play with Helen Hayes making Maude Adams' loss easier to bear.

**The Wisdom Tooth.** *Little*—Delightful fantasy of a trip back to a poor sap's boyhood.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bad Habits of 1926.** *Greenwich Village*—Good ideas amateurishly done.

**The Bunk of 1926.** *Broadhurst*—Ditto.

**By the Way.** *Central*—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in an excellent British revue.

**The Cocoanuts.** *Lyric*—Just about as comical as they come. Oh, yes, the Marx Brothers are in it.

**Garrick Gaieties.** *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Girl Friend.** *Vanderbilt*—A good show.

**The Great Temptations.** *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert*—The incomparable Moran and Mack in a spectacular show which needed them.

**Iolanthe.** *Plymouth*—A beautiful revival.

**Kitty's Kisses.** *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Pinafore.** *Century*—More Gilbert and Sullivan well done.

**Song of the Flame.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Tessa Kosta and a big show, very Russian sounding.

**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—How about seeing it again?

**Tip-Toes.** *Liberty*—Very nice.

**The Vagabond King.** *Casino*—Genuine comic opera.

**Vanities of 1926.** *Earl Carroll*—You won't find another lineup of comedians like Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



**Settlement Worker:** TIMOTHY HAS BEHAVED LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN ALL EVENING, MRS. MULLINS.

**Mrs. Mullins:** HAS HE, MUM! WELL, I'LL ATTEND TO HIM JUST AS SOON AS EVER I GET HOME.





## May-Fever

**A**LONG about this season of the year we begin wondering if we hadn't better take up some other line of work. (At this point a small man arose in the back of the room and remarked, "Well, why don't you?" He was quickly evicted.)

The fact is that during May, what with that old sap-trouble of ours and the tendency of the managers to bring in medium-grade shows, we get a little fed up. Where we ought to be this very minute is in the smoking-room of a transatlantic liner, getting our lungs full of good sea-air.

If the plays that open in May were only very bad, things would be more interesting. But they are always just medium. They all blend into one general impression in your mind by the end of the week, that of having been sitting in a theatre, looking at a stage of some sort. Beyond this, things are a little vague. You forget whether it was in the musical comedy that the girl thought she was the fat man's wife, or in the farce about the house party. Or perhaps it was in the drama about the inhibited school-teacher. *Somewhere* during the week you have seen a show in which a girl thought that she was a fat man's wife.



**T**AKE "The Sport of Kings," for example. It isn't bad at all. And Mr. Heggie and Mr. Kingsford are very nice. Yet if you should pop out from behind a bush some time next month (you probably wouldn't, because you know as well as we do that you can frighten people very badly that way) and ask us to tell about "The Sport of Kings," we should probably be able to say nothing except to repeat, "'Sport of Kings?'" a little dully.

But catching us fresh like this, with the Lyceum seat-check stubs still cluttering up our pocket, we are able to look you in the eye and tell you that "The Sport of Kings" is about race-track gambling and that—well, it's about race-track gambling.



**T**HEN there is "Kitty's Kisses." This is musical. It isn't very musical but it comes under that classification. The chief thing to remember "Kitty's Kisses" by (in case you should want to remember it) is its dancing. By "dancing" we mean Miss Dorothy Dilley. If anybody could

reconcile us to toe-dancing, Miss Dilley could. And then there is an agile young man named Nick Long, Jr., who bounds a great deal. Once he bounds right over the backs of half a dozen chorus girls, which, at any rate, proves that it can be done.



**B**UT aside from its dancing, "Kitty's Kisses" is not easily recalled. It is one of those musical shows in which a man says to a girl: "Great Scott, I've got to get you out of here before my wife comes!" (We jotted that down on our program; so we *know* that's in it.) Without wishing to be nasty, we will say that it is a typical Brady production.

There will probably be another show just like "Kitty's Kisses" next week, and another the week following, and we give fair warning that we aren't even going to try keeping them distinct in our mind.



**T**HE often-cited chameleon on a plaid had no tougher time keeping pace than this department has trying to be timely about the Neighborhood Playhouse productions. One week they give "The Dybbuk," the next a dance program, the next "The Dybbuk" and a dance program, the next a very nice little thing called "The Romantic Young Lady," which, however, has probably been replaced by now with "The Dybbuk." We shall be glad when the Grand Street Follies finally get in there and run, as they always do, much longer than they expected.

In case they ever do "The Romantic Young Lady" again, in between "The Dybbuk" and the dance program, or between the dance program and "The Dybbuk," you could do lots worse than see it. It won't cause you to break out in a rash from excitement, but it will keep you out of mischief. In the meantime, don't miss "The Dybbuk."



**T**HE two revivals of the month were "The Importance of Being Earnest," a creditable work on the part of the Actors' Theatre, and "The Servant in the House," from that indefatigable revivalist, Walter Hampden. Of the two, "The Importance of Being Earnest" is much funnier.

Robert Benchley.



WITH the avidity of the ancient Athenians to hear or behold some new thing, most of us are on the *qui vive* for books which we cannot put down after once taking them up. They are few and far between, of course, but "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser (*Boni & Liveright*), which is one of them on the testimony of at least twenty diverging tastes as well as my own, is happily in two volumes. It not only satisfies, but it lasts a little longer than the average engrossing novel.

Heretofore the drums which I have beaten for Mr. Dreiser, if any, have been faint and muffled. Granted his patience, his panorama and his powers of presentation, his writings have always been a little too satirical to suit me. His rhetoric, as well as his heroes' eyes, followed too closely and constantly

the lines and curves of the female form divine. Moreover, the characters in which he dealt were highly suggestive of the sow's ear. But now, after ten years of silence, he steps forward with "An American Tragedy," and even though some of his most glaring faults are with him still, the very scope of his canvas and the excellence of his detail make it one of the most significant novels of our time.

Although the Greek formula for a tragic hero demands a certain magnitude of character or circumstance in order that the fall brought about by his inherent weakness may seem the greater, Mr. Dreiser sticks to the type he seems to know best, and does almost as much for a minor employee in a collar factory as Shakespeare did for Antony. Those of you who remember the Chester Gillette case of twenty years ago will

recognize the story. The newspaper files of that day have been followed so faithfully that the printed notices of the accident on the lake and the letters of the murdered girl which were read at the trial are said to be verbatim copies. Far behind the files, however, has Mr. Dreiser gone to weave the chain of psychology and circumstances which led *Clyde Griffiths* to the electric chair, and if more interesting reading is at present available in the book market, I shall be willing to send out innumerable stamped, self-addressed envelopes to learn what it is.

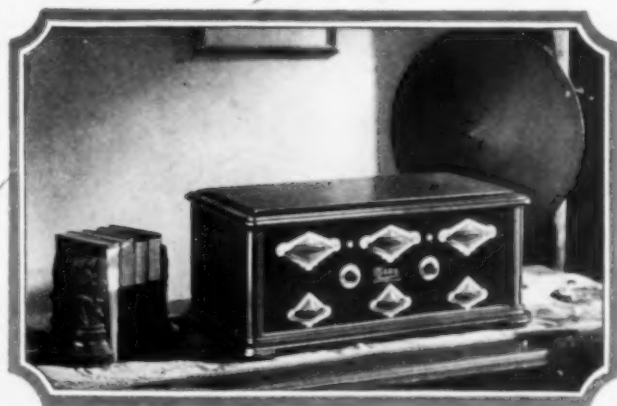
\* \* \*

It occurs to me, merely as a corollary, to diagnose the difficulty of the gentlemen about whom Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Masters and Mr. Anderson write. Their main weakness, of course, is the ladies.

(Continued on page 30)



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THIS UP THERE, HONEY? IT'S NOT EXACTLY AN ANTIQUE, BUT IT HAS A FUNNY LOOK."



# Makes Every Station in Par

**W**ITH the Synchrophase you make every station in par—and radio par is one. The Grebe S-L-F Condensers with the Grebe Binocular Coils enable you to tune in at once any station desired. No "fiddling around" trying to untangle a program from the jumble on the air. These condensers make selection easy for they give all stations an equal footing around their dials—the usual microscopic adjustment is unnecessary; then the Binocular Coils prevent other stations from "driving through"

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"Colortone"



*It is written:*

"If you purchase cheap firewood you burn the bottom of your copper."

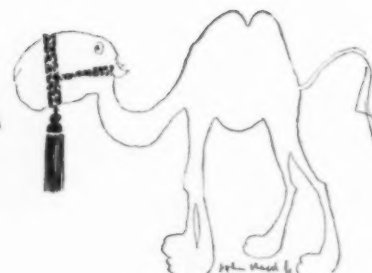
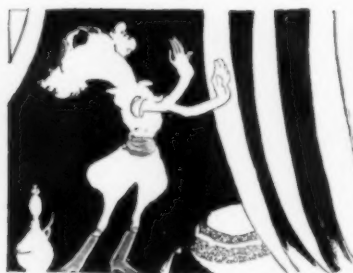
The wise man buys a Synchrophase for he knows that in its superior reception there exists true radio happiness.

*Doctor T.H.*

This company owns  
and operates stations  
WAHQ and WBOQ.



All Grebe apparatus  
is covered by patents  
granted and pending



## "Brown of Harvard"

I HAVE seen many college movies in my time and have been constrained to smile tolerantly at the views of rollicking undergraduate life as reflected on the screen. "This, of course, seems utterly absurd," I told myself, "but it is probably a true picture of those hick universities in the Far West where such nonsensical antics are really carried on."

Then I saw "Brown of Harvard"—and for the first time the thing hit home. From this production I gathered that Harvard is not different from the rest: that Harvard students wear "sheik belts," that they have dates with professors' daughters under the pepper trees of Cambridge, that they are led in triumph through the streets by the members of the Dickey (the "Honor Society"), that they rush in as substitutes and win football games in the last minute of play, that they are all at least thirty-five years of age—in short, that they are exactly like the other phony college boys who are represented in the movies.

It is a crushing blow, and I don't know what I shall do about it.

IN spite of the terrible embarrassment occasioned by certain elements in "Brown of Harvard," I am compelled to confess that it isn't such a bad picture; in fact, it should prove extremely entertaining to those who are not so particular about accuracy. It is certainly far, far less obnoxious than the play on which it was based.

## They Call it "GOLF"

### Eighth Hole

"WELL, so I tells him: 'If your meter's bust,' I says, 'is it my fault?' So he begins to wilt, but I give him the two-eighty because life's too short to spend fightin' about a little money."

William Haines, as that romping fellow, *Tom Brown*, gives a marvelous performance, and so does Jack Pickford in a thoroughly uncharacteristic rôle. Between the two of them, they manage to convey a semblance of reality in scenes and situations that are ridiculously unreal.

"BROWN OF HARVARD" was adapted to the screen by Donald Ogden Stewart (a prominent Yale "grad"), who must have derived a considerable amount of fiendish glee from his work. In retaliation, I only hope that some one will produce "Stover at Yale" on the screen, and that the adaptation will be made by Robert Benchley.

## "Hell-Bent fer Heaven"

IN the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," there were a great many offstage thrills—shootings, the bursting of a dam, etc. With the entrance of this play into the movies, these thrills don't have to remain offstage; indeed, they appear in person as the principal features of the evening's entertainment.

The main point of the original play—that of a religious maniac who imagines himself to be God's own particular boyfriend—is somewhat obscured in the picture, but the character itself is portrayed with fine fervor and genuine appreciation by Gardner James.

J. Stuart Blackton's direction is generally good, and all the backgrounds—even those that are reproduced in miniature—are superb.

## "The Greater Glory"

SOMEWHERE within the confusion of enormous sets and countless characters which comprises "The Greater Glory" there lurks an interesting idea; but this idea is completely submerged in the general disorder—and the result is a singularly tiresome production.

The story describes the tribulations of a large Viennese family, with all their friends, through the war and through most of the so-called "peace" which follows it. It is loosely con-

structed, totally devoid of sustained interest and ultimately disorganized.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are used for symbolic effect, but they don't succeed in stimulating dramatic interest. I don't believe that "The Greater Glory" could have been saved from boredom even if its producers had thrown in a ride of the Ku Klux Klan and a few covered wagons for good measure.

## Another Bulletin

AS soon as the Great American Movie is completed, and ready for release, it will be followed by the Great American Two-Reel Comedy, in which the following episodes will be incorporated:

The principal comedian will light a match, while conversing with his girl friend, but will not hold it until it has burned his fingers.

At another time, when he is being followed along a sidewalk by a group of policemen, he will not quicken his pace and then break into a run, leading the cops a merry chase through the heart of the business district. Instead, he will surrender to them at once.

Again, when he is looking into a stove, a gust of wind will not come down the chimney and cover his face with soot.

There will be no flour bins in the Great American Two-Reel Comedy, no bathing girls, no railroad trains, no prizefights, no trick Fords, no skyscrapers and, above all things, no lions.

R. E. Sherwood.

## They Call it "GOLF"

### Ninth Hole

"WELL—that sure was a good round, eh, Mr. Ginsberg? Nothing like golf to take your mind off... Say—will I! (SMACK) Boy! That sure is the real stuff, all right, all right!"



*Howard Watches are priced from \$60 upward  
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THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO.  
*Riverside, New Jersey*

*The* HOWARD *Watch*

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Friend (after a street fight): 'OW CAME YER TO LOSE? 'E AIN'T AS BIG AS YOU.  
Loser (hard pressed for an excuse): WHY, IF YOU'D 'A' BIN WATCHIN' YOU'D  
'AVE SEEN THAT 'E 'AD THE WIND BE'IND 'IM.

—Punch (London), by permission.

## Eligible Young Man

A GROUP of New York débutantes, for the fun of the thing, answered letters of some lovelorn youths in a matrimonial paper. One received a reply from a mountain district which said: "Dear Ma'am: I'm one of the finest boys that ever slopped his Pappy's hogs."

—O. O. M., in Akron Beacon-Journal.

## But How Would That Help?

ITEM in Michigan paper—"Mr. and Mrs. Paul Loring are the proud parents of a baby boy born to them yesterday morning. You may be next. Why don't you buy some fire insurance?"

—Boston Transcript.

## Mother Speaks

"How is your baby, my dear?"

"He cuts into the bridge dreadfully."

—London Daily Express.

In Chicago, it appears, it's a question of beer and light artillery.

—New York Herald Tribune.



"LOOK AT THEM! IT OUGHT TO BE FORBIDDEN."

## Apotheosis of the Pancake

SIGN on a restaurant window at 57th Street and Broadway: "Waffles of Class and Distinction."—New York World.



"A PENNY, PLEASE, SAR. I HAVE HAD NO BREAKFAST."

"NOR HAVE I, YAOULED."

"TWO PENNIES, THEN, AND WE'LL BREAK-FAST TOGETHER."

—Le Monde Colonial (Paris).

## The Conscientious Reporter

NEWS item in the Dover, Minn., Independent:

"C. F. Cady has returned from where he has been for some time."

—American Mercury.

"SHE has a remarkable complexion."

"That isn't a complexion. That's a color scheme."—Washington Star.

THERE is no marrying in heaven. Poor Peggy Joyce!—Columbia State.

## Dilemma

WHEN cosmic themes pervade my verse,  
The public elevates an eyebrow  
And promulgates this dreadful curse:  
"Too highbrow!"

But when to humbler things I stoop  
And sign a diffident initial,  
The critics cry: "He's merely superficial!"

When brisk I tap my Underwood\*  
Until its ancient carcass tingles,  
They say: "Oh, yes, he's fairly good  
At jingles." \*

But if I write, with pensive pen,  
Lines slow and sweet as oozing honey,  
The cry goes up: "He's better when  
He's funny!"

Like the old tyrant's head, with knife  
Hung by a single hair above it,  
Such is your humble servant's life—  
I love it!

—S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

\*It isn't an Underwood, but there's no rime for Remington.

## Parental Pride

MR. and Mrs. Fred Stone are exceedingly proud of their three lovely daughters. An admirer of the comedian was talking about their family "back stage" a few days ago.

"Have you nothing but girls?" the man inquired.

"Nothing but girls?" replied Stone. "Why, man alive, we have everything but boys!"—Youngstown Telegram.

## Only a Broadway Rumor

"I HEAR that 'Abie's Irish Rose' is going to close for a week."

"What for?"

"So the members of the company can have their faces lifted."

—New York Evening World.

## Never a Gilda Gray

HE: I should think you'd make a great actress.

SHE: No, I don't like to see a man smoke a pipe.—Brown Jug.

"DRINK?"

"Have, or got?"—Lehigh Burr.



"ALAS, TO US IT IS."

—Le Rire (Paris).

### Not New but Good

A SCOTCHMAN story, perchance new, is about. This Scotchman was bound to London and at each stop he left his compartment and hurried into the station, to rush back to his seat again before the train started.

After this had been repeated many times, a fellow passenger finally asked the reason.

"It's because of my heart," the Scotchman explained. "The doctor says I may drop off at any time and I'm buying my ticket from station to station."

—New Yorker.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### All a Mistake

FROM the Iowa Gazette—"A mule kicked George Waterman in the mouth last Thursday. The animal did not mean to kick George. The mule thought George was another mule."

—Country Gentleman.

THE beauty about buying a car on the instalment plan is that you ride downtown to make the payments.

—Milwaukee Journal.



Yoked (to motorists after the smash):  
I BE KEEPIN' ACCOUNT O' ACCIDENTS IN  
OUR VILLAGE. WOULD 'EE CALL THIS ONE  
OR TWO?

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

An honest confession is also good for a front-page story.—Arkansas Gazette.

### Perfection

THE little Sabbath circle met;  
A psalm was chanted far away;  
Our amateur receiving set  
Read us the lesson of the day.

We heard the organ swell and peal,  
The hymns, the Litany, and then  
We heard the congregation kneel  
And drone an indistinct "Amen."

The preacher's voice was very near;  
Into the room a stillness crept;  
So perfect was the atmosphere  
That Uncle George, transported, slept.  
—Punch.

### Just Like Politics

"So you are trying to get married again?" said the friend. "What's the idea?"

"I want to be vindicated," declared the man whose wife had divorced him.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FROM a steamship company's ad:  
"See Scotland—the Land of Romance, History, Golf!"

The perfect climax.  
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

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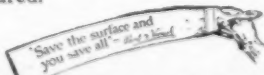


But Nero didn't fiddle  
while Rome burned

Tacitus says that Nero was 50 miles away in Antium when Rome burned. And in those days fiddles were just as rare as radios.

Another popular fallacy concerns varnish. Some folks think that if varnish won't turn white it must be good for floors. But others know it should also withstand millions of steps.

Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite is waterproof, of course, but of greater importance is the fact that it is the most wear-resisting varnish manufactured.

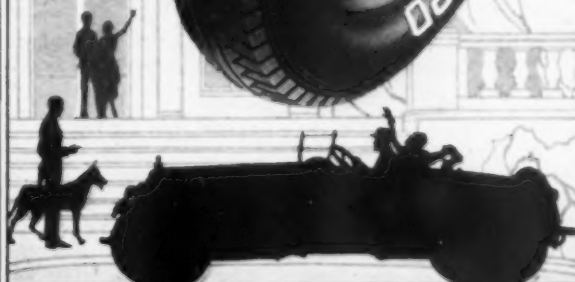


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FLEXIBLE  
CORD**



# Fruit Refreshment Fruit Vigor . . . *in Long Cool Drinks*



*Pure fruit juice from  
fresh ripe grapes*

**M**OST delicious in flavor, purple, refreshing, this juice of fresh grapes is the most perfect of fruit juice drinks.

At the dinner-party, at the informal supper, on country club verandas, Welch's is served—blended with other fruit juices, with ginger ale or sparkling water, or frosty with chipped ice. And the finest hotels serve it daily for the breakfast fruit juice.

For Welch's is pure fruit juice; with all the delicacy of luscious

grapes and all the health-building values of the fresh fruit.

Send for our free book of delicious fruit juice drinks, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*.

At the soda fountain ask for Welch's—straight or with sparkling water. Order it from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-24, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant—St. Catharines, Ontario.

## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

Of wine, and even of the more raging strong drinks, they sometimes partake freely. But never, by any chance, do they sing.

"ROUNDABOUT," by Nancy Hoyt (*Knopf*), is an inconsequential novel, but it is readable, and presents something new and rather refreshing in heroines. *Denise Douglas* is the type which, in the pages of a book, must be either loved or loathed, and Miss Hoyt manages to get across to the reader some of the charm with which she has striven to endow her. The relationship between *Denise* and her father is deftly done, too. I like especially his calling her "rat" and "louse" by way of endearment. For a few horrible moments I feared that *Denise* was to be allowed to capture the stuffed-shirt Boston youth whom she followed so forthrightly from Montmartre to America, but I might have known that Fate would have had something better in store for so nice a person as she was. After all, there are much better things in life than living on the sunny side of Beacon Street.

Miss Hoyt has an amusing genius for summary and comparison. In one place she says: "Charlie reminded you of a half-finished *croquis* by Drian, of a cocker spaniel (except that they have short legs, and his were ridiculously long), of a Paul Morand short story, an eighteenth century snuff-box, an eighteen-forty beaver hat and the latest cocktail invented at the Paris Ritz." In another, "An urban and conventional garment—black, rather serious, rather heavy, which connoted Sunday mornings, St. Thomas's and top hats, or white ties and Sherry's on cold winter evenings." And in still another, "All the pleasure torn from little everyday things, the seconds of happiness found in hot baths, cigarettes after tea, hunger and the joy of satisfied appetite, the genuine thrill experienced for a moment in a speeding car, the relaxed languor of the dance, all these physical pleasures were joined and concentrated in the ecstatic urgency of John's kiss." Such pleasant passages adorn Miss Hoyt's tale. It points no moral beyond the definition of a successful party in Washington, which is one in which no girl is crying in the dressing-room. I hope no impetuous young woman, after reading about the high-hearted *Denise*, will dash down to the French Line with only one hundred and fifty dollars and try to book passage on a boat that sails within three hours.

Baird Leonard.

## Present Company Excepted

**H**E: Can I marry on twenty-five hundred a year?

**S**HE: Not me.





*It adds  
new charm  
to  
hospitality*

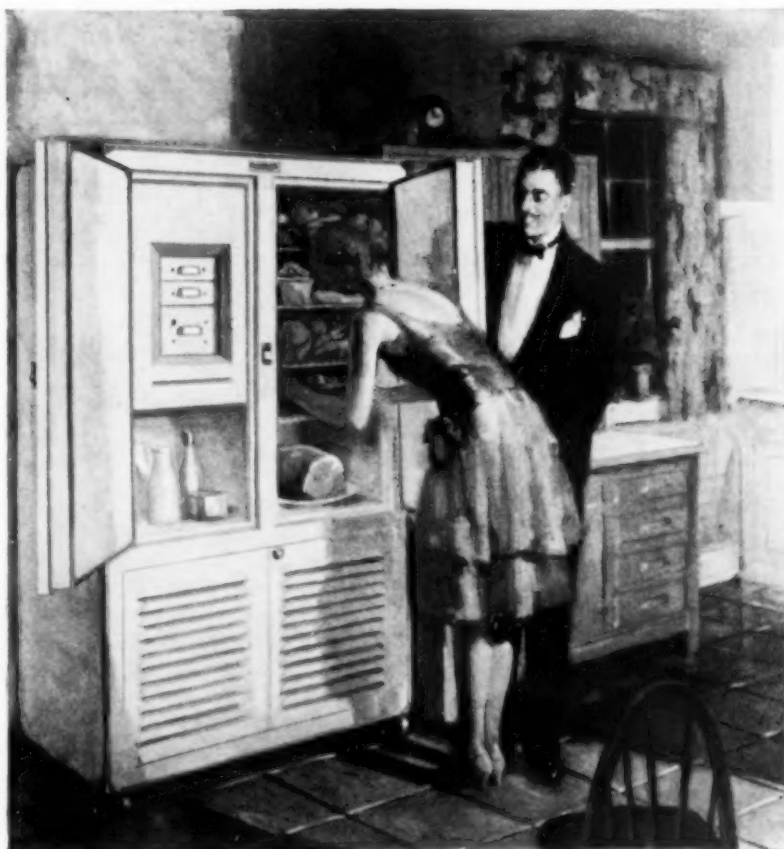
WHETHER you entertain simply or elaborately you will find Frigidaire a delightful aid to hospitality. Every dish served in your home will have a new richness of flavor, for Frigidaire preserves perfectly the original purity and freshness of all foods. And the Frigidaire freezing trays will not only provide a constant and ample supply of sparkling ice cubes, but will also freeze the most delicious of desserts.

You will be delighted with the beauty of the new metal cabinet Frigidaires. They are finished in lustrous white Duco, trimmed with bright metal, lined with seamless, porcelain enamel. They are equipped with the same dependable mechanisms that are already giving complete satisfaction to more than one hundred and fifty thousand users. They are the best Frigidaires ever built—yet their prices are lower than ever before, and they may be purchased on the GMAC plan of deferred payments if desired.

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*It's really the way to restore the lasting luster and to bring out the rich beauty of DUCO and the lacquer finishes*

**ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR**

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 17)

diately. At the five-and-ten! because that is the response I hear most frequently to such a demand, but I was not correct, nor did Amy deem my error so amusing as did the others. To the Plaza for tea with Zella and Arthur Grover, and then home to spend the evening with Samuel over our books, each of us looking up wistfully when a boat whistle blew on the river. Lord! I am so desirous to be taking an ocean voyage at the moment that I should be almost willing to be deported on a convict ship in order to get it.

May  
3rd

My waking hours disturbed by Sam, who was in a highly conversational mood and loath to leave for his office, declaring truer word was never spoken than Oscar Wilde's epigram about work's being the curse of the drinking classes, but I did finally get him off, to my great relief, and fell to my accounts, from the casting up of which I did emerge with a psychology somewhat to the effect that if it be true that there is no ointment without its fly, it certainly is not true that there is no fly without its ointment. To call on me come Janie Searles, but I did not press her to stop for luncheon, having no mind or stomach to watch her consume the delicacies of the season whilst I sipped strained vegetable juices, and being also anxious to get on with my book, "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser, so engrossing that before I knew it, it was time to go for tea to Marge Boothby's. Found there Phyllis Leggett with a pair of marine glasses swung from her shoulder and the explanation that, having just been to hear Raquel Meller from the topmost gallery, she had thereby been able to see something as well. And Oliver Perry, too, telling how Mr. Pigeon, who sails around the world by himself and is thereby asked more foolish questions than any other living man, told all the ladies who wanted to know what he did for milk that he was weaned before he started...Dined home alone with Sam, a small Florentine screen between us, forasmuch as he had spinach soup and clam fritters.

Baird Leonard.

### Fairy Story

ONCE there was a young husband who said to his wife, "Next Saturday I will clean up the cellar and the back yard!" And he did.

### Through with the Game

TEACHER: What happened to Cinderella at the stroke of twelve?

JIMMY: She threw away her clubs in disgust.

**Bungalow Camps**  
in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

*You'll sing for joy!*

TRAILS to hike and ride—peaks to climb—snow and ice and sweaters in July! And what an appetite you put on—satisfy—ride off and meet again on a holiday like this—without frills or hotel prices. Nine Bungalow Camps—with refrains that roar from camp fires to snowy mountain tops—with cosy bungalow cabins—A-1 kitchens and chefs. So easy to reach! Rates only \$5.50 a day. Ask for the Bungalow Camp Booklet and information and rates—mention B. C-6.

### Canadian Pacific

Hotel Department, Windsor Station, Montreal  
Or local Canadian Pacific Offices

### A Charge Account

THE Light Brigade charged into the Valley of Death.  
Promptly according to schedule,  
Cannon to right of them  
And ditto to left of them  
Volleyed and thundered.  
The Brigade wavered, halted;  
The brave Brigadier spurred his horse  
along the line  
And cried, "Forward, six hundred!  
If we fall—we'll never have to read  
Another joke about Prohibition!"  
And so, with flashing sabres,  
They charged into the valley,  
Counting the world well lost.

Sherman Ripley.

### Cheaper than New Ones

"WHY do you move every year?"  
"Because the neighbors have  
seen all my wife's dresses."

**STOPS AIR SICKNESS**

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
New York Paris Montreal London

**MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**

25 Years In Use

## The Man Who Couldn't Be Fooled

"THE only way to avoid the grippe," said the senior member of Lydgate and Smith (he had just recovered from the grippe), "is to take two quinine pills at regular three-hour intervals when you feel it coming on."

The quiet little Mr. Smith (who wasn't a fool by any means) smiled a smile and said nothing.

"The only way to avoid the grippe," remarked the pompous Mr. Evans, who always beat Smith at golf (and who intended to continue doing so as soon as he was completely recovered from the grippe), "is to eat a dozen oranges a day when you feel it coming on."

The quiet little Mr. Smith (who was considerably wiser than he looked) smiled a smile and said nothing.

"The only way to avoid the grippe," declared Mr. Smith's admirable mate (who had recently suffered from the grippe), "is to starve yourself, once you feel it coming on. The old remedy of gorging yourself is passé."

The quiet little Mr. Smith (whose judgment was remarkably sound) smiled a smile and said nothing.

"The only way to avoid the grippe," said Smith, Junior (home from college to recover from the grippe), "is to take four good stiff hot toddies and go right to bed when you feel it coming on."

And the quiet little Mr. Smith (who wasn't any more of a fool than he started out to be) smiled a smile and said: "All so-called cures and preventives are equally futile and equally contradictory. My own belief is that there is nothing to do. If you're going to have the grippe, you're going to have it."

And feeling a slight irritation in his throat, he went up to bed and remained there for the next three weeks with the grippe, cheered and strengthened by the knowledge that he'd rather be right than President.

*Parke Cummings.*

## Getting Back to Norma

FIRST PARTNER: I'm afraid we will have to let the new clerk go. He doesn't dress neatly nor speak very good English.

SECOND PARTNER: Give him a chance; he's improving—he's only been out of college six months.

THAT the United States is using up its timber supply four times as fast as it grows need cause us no worry. Most of this wood is used, we suppose, in the manufacture of genuine pre-war whisky.

THIS weighing machine says I only weigh one hundred and fifteen."

"Well, what do you want for a cent?"

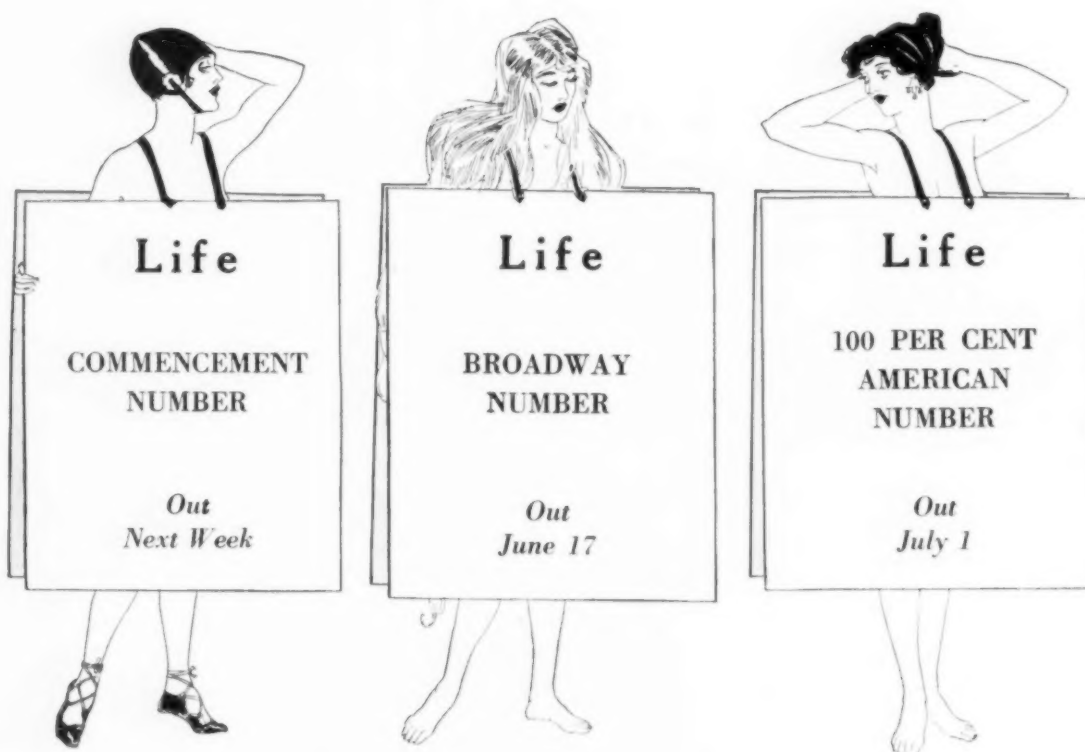
# THE GENERAL TIRE

THE MARK OF LEADING  
TIRE STORES EVERYWHERE

It's the  
*second*  
10,000 miles  
that makes  
the big hit



# THE BIGGER PARADE



STARTING next week with the COMMENCEMENT NUMBER, LIFE inaugurates its special summer schedule of bigger and better numbers. A glance at the procession of LIFE's Sandwich Girls, pictured above, should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that a really large season is at hand. In the great Commencement Number—which, by the way, is embellished with one of John Held's most scintillating covers—will be found the results of our annual intensive survey of the college situation. Nothing of unimportance

to student or alumnus, trustee or faculty executive, has escaped us. This hilarious number will be graduated—*magna cum laughter*—next week. Don't miss it!

Make a memo also of the BROADWAY NUMBER and the 100 PER CENT AMERICAN NUMBER which follow. They herald a season of light summer laughter for all LIFE readers. Join the Bigger Parade. Send us your dollar with the coupon below and receive the best that LIFE has to offer for the next ten weeks.

## LIFE

598 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me  
LIFE for ten weeks,  
for which I enclose One  
Dollar. (Canadian, \$1.20;  
Foreign \$1.40)

(413)

## CONTEST BULLETIN

The great Travel Contest, now running, began in the May 6th issue of LIFE. If you missed the early numbers, it is not too late to get them. By placing a check in the box at the lower left-hand corner of the coupon below you will obtain ten issues of LIFE beginning with the issue of May 6—a complete set of Travel Contest numbers.

☐

Please start my  
subscription with the  
May 6th issue.

By the Year, \$5.00  
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

*Obey That Impulse!*



## The Younger Married Set

(Continued from page 14)

what are you doing? Wetting them again?" wailed the anguished Tuttle.

"Gasoline," said Hoofner. "Let the women and children stand back!"

A cry of dismay and admiration rent the air as the entire court burst into flame. "Hasn't that got the last act of 'The Walkyrie' beat a mile?" asked the inventor as clouds of black smoke rolled athwart the landscape.

It had. And the marvelous thing is that it worked. The court came out of the conflagration as dry as a chip and the finals went off without a hitch. Verily, no club should be without a Hoofner.

The Tennis Dance that evening was the usual success, minus all the guests of honor, who departed as per custom as soon as the last prize had been won. They were due at another club next day to begin another Tennis Week. Such is the life of a real tennis player. But our own athletes danced merrily until dawn to the strains of Herr Eiffler's Jazzomaniacs and all voted that Tennis Week, with Bert's assistance, had ended literally in a blaze of glory.

We have been quiet since. Serious preparations are under way for the Ladies' League Fair, a splendid work done annually for the Bide-a-Bit Home. But I must save that for discussion next week.

## An Open Letter to Gertrude P. Werllk, 3478 Gullet Avenue, South Bend

DEAR GERT:

I am so sorry this letter is open but I cannot seem to get the glue on the envelope to stick. I got Gloria, our cow, to lick it and she just put in a good half-hour working over it but she couldn't make good.

There is no news, Father not having bitten any of the dogs since I last wrote. No news is good news and we are all very, very happy tucked away in our little place here. We like to call it our "nest" rather than our Long Island palace with four bathrooms and stables.

Well, I guess all the mailmen between here and South Bend will be reading this letter because it is open. Just to make your ears burn, Mister Mailman, I'm going to come right out and tell you that you're a bunch of old nosey-oseys and if you're ever stuck in Tubemere, Long Island, with nothing to do, call Main 2337 and ask for Amy.

Write soon, Gert, dear.

Your own,

AMY-AMY-AMY-AMY.

Phyllis Ryan.

WIFE: Was the sermon long?

HUSBAND: Three or four holes, anyway.

# Men Are Quitting

—by the millions—old-type shaving preparations for this unique creation.

*Accept, please, a 10-day tube to try*



**GENTLEMEN:** Five years ago Palmolive Shaving Cream was unknown. Today it is leader in its field.

It is a unique creation. It differs immeasurably from any shaving soap you have ever tried. Eighty per cent of its users once were wedded to rival makes of shaving soaps.

It is based on the four requirements 1000 men named as their ideals of a shaving cream, plus a fifth... strong bubbles... which we ourselves added.

We think you will like it. Sixty years of soap study stand behind it. The same careful study that made Palmolive Soap the leading toilet soap of the world.

May we ask you, then, the courtesy of trying it, both in your interest and in ours?

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
(Del. Corp.)  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### These 5 Advantages

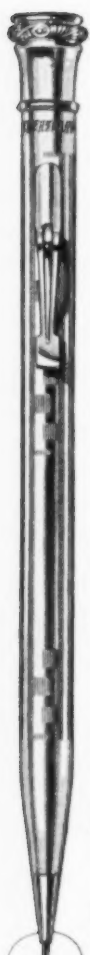
- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

We think we have done a great job. You may agree, or you may not. But in fairness to us both, please give it a fair trial. Send the coupon. Do this today.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

**10 SHAVES FREE**  
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to:  
Dept. B-1165, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.),  
3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Illinois.  
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.



School days end—  
Commencement is here  
—and workaday life is  
beginning. Give the  
graduate a gift that  
carries both sentiment  
and practicality.

Give something that  
bridges these momen-  
tous days between theory  
and reality, and helps  
translate the chance  
thought into sure ad-  
vancement.

Give the gift that bet-  
ter than any other  
teaches Success' first  
lesson:

**PUT IT ON PAPER!**

Success waits on the man  
who keeps in line with  
his thinking those best  
friends of an active  
brain — **EVERSHARP  
AND WAHL PEN.**

There's an Eversharp for  
you in any style and size you  
want. This one, the popular  
standard gift and business  
model, with 18 inches of  
lead up its sleeve, gold-  
filled at \$5

Perfect writing mate for  
Eversharp is the new Wahl  
Pen. Finely balanced; beau-  
tifully and lastingly made of  
precious gold and silver;  
precisely designed to match  
your Eversharp, in combina-  
tion sets, or individually  
at \$8

**EVERSHARP**  
and  
**WAHL PEN**

1936, The Wahl Co., Chicago

Canadian Factory, Toronto

## P. P. C.

THE day we kissed, that summer day,  
You wondered why I fled away!

"No paradise could equal this,"  
I cried, enraptured by your kiss,  
Till, gazing deep within your eyes,  
I saw *Your* dream of paradise:  
A cottage (with garage annexed),  
Six children, alternately sexed;  
A Ford to meet the 7:03,  
And stepping from the station—me!

The day we kissed, that summer day,  
You wondered why I fled away!

Sylvia Fuller.

## The Complete College Education

### The Training

**PRACTICAL ETHICS**—One year  
as messenger boy, furnace tender,  
and general servant to upperclassmen.

**Fine Arts**—The ability to live in a  
room papered with magazine covers.

**Chemistry**—The ability to consume  
large quantities of ice cream, pie and  
hot dogs at midnight lunches.

**Psychology**—Training in memory  
work, culminating in the retention of  
two football songs, one Alma Mater,  
and seventeen yells that imitate a can-  
non and a siren.

**Foreign Languages**—One complete  
edition of Boccaccio.

**Household Arts**—The ability to listen  
politely without really getting a single  
word.

**English**—A vocabulary of 600 slang  
words and 25 assorted wise-cracks, and  
the habit of saying, "Like you and I."

**Hygiene**—The ability to sleep peace-  
fully at all hours of the day, no matter  
how noisy the lecturer.

**Religion**—The fraternity pin, the  
hats-off for the Alma Mater, the "bull  
sessions" on the Meaning of Life.

**Logic**—The ability to discuss any topic  
without any knowledge of it, and to  
assert anything without proof.

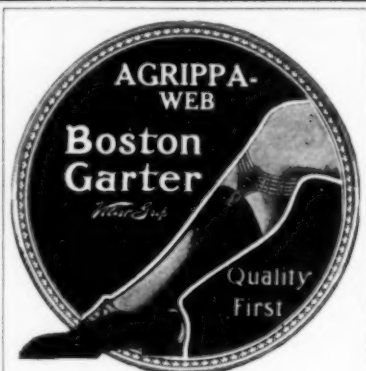
### The Finished Product

One bond salesman.

W. L. Werner.

## Clearly Justifiable

AN Arizona lawyer was addressing  
the jury. "Self-defense, gentle-  
men, and nothing else," he said. "It is  
true my client chased the deceased five  
miles—and shot him in the back—but  
the reason o' that was, he couldn't  
ketch up with the varmint so as to  
turn him 'round and shoot him in front.  
What could my client do? My client  
has a weak heart—if he'd run two hoots  
and a holler more he'd have dropped  
dead hisself, so he had to shoot at  
forty rods to save his own life—and  
right smart shootin' yo'll agree that it  
was, gentlemen of the jury!"



Some men are guided solely by appearance—  
and get—just garters.  
Some are guided by appearance and price and  
get—just garters.  
But the wise garter buyer is guided by appear-  
ance, price and the construction and gets

## AGRIPPA WEB Bostons

The non-skidding garter with the wrinkle  
proof pad—the last word in garter comfort.  
**George Frost Company, Boston**  
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters  
for All the Family.

## A Better Way

"DO girls say 'Ask Father' any  
more?"

"Sure; only they wait till the bills  
come in after marriage."



## A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails  
to remove dandruff completely, and that  
is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it  
entirely. To do this, just apply a little  
Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use  
enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in  
gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your  
dandruff will be gone, and two or three  
more applications will completely dissolve  
and entirely destroy every single sign and  
trace of it, no matter how much dandruff  
you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the  
scalp will stop in-  
stantly and your hair  
will be lustrous, glossy,  
silky and soft, and  
look and feel a hun-  
dred times better.

You can get Liquid  
Arvon at any drug  
store, and a four ounce  
bottle is all you will  
need. This simple  
remedy has never  
been known  
to fail.

**LIQUID ARVON**



You Can't  
Comb Out  
Dandruff



Edited by  
HENRY HEADACHE

## Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

The cost of living is high, but it's worth it.

Sometimes you pay the price with a headache—but needlessly!

Yes, it's stupid to suffer with a pain in the noble bean, when you can get rid of it (the pain, not the n. b.) easily and even pleasantly.

We *knew* you'd ask that: well, the answer is Kohler-Antidote, the remedy that does its stuff gently and harmlessly.

Just a few minutes, and your headache is replaced with the wonderful feeling that life is mighty nice, after all. Lotsa pep 'n everything.

Compare that with how you've felt after shocking your system with a potent drug.

Druggists have been selling Kohler-Antidote since 'way back in the Gay Nineties.



## Buoyant, steady and graceful

THERE'S a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1636 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

## A Walk to Thermopylae

THE relief battery are strolling in from the bull pen. The home team is still at bat, but there are two out. In a few moments the rescuing pair will take over the task of holding a lead of one run through the remaining half-inning.

THE RELIEF PITCHER: She was smilin' at me; that's what.

THE RELIEF CATCHER: Smilin' is one word fer it; laughin' is another.

PITCHER: Well, she's out there every day, ain't she; what do you think she's out there fer?

CATCHER: Mebbe she's got a season pass an' don't like to waste it; an' then again, there's a lot of good-lookin' grass in the outfield that's easy on th' eyes.

PITCHER: When I wuz with Harrisburg they wuz a dame used to sit out there ev'ry day to watch me; I come near marryin' her, too.

CATCHER: You ain't safe yet, kid; particularly if you drop another in th' ninth, th' boss is like to ship you back to Harrisburg.

PITCHER: Always wise-crackin', ain't you? Jest th' same, she yelled "Yoo-hoo!" when we went past, didn't she?

CATCHER: Yeh! An' the candy butcher come right over an' sold her what she wanted fer a dime.

PITCHER: I wonder if them candy butchers makes any dough.

CATCHER: I hear one of them say last week he win three bucks in a crap game.

PITCHER: Mebbe I should of tipped th' cap when I went past.

CATCHER: She would of thought you wuz scratchin' th' dome.

PITCHER: Yesterday she wuz wearin' a red dress.

CATCHER: Yeh! An' to-morrow she'll be like to be wearin' a blue one. An' somebody pays fer them that ain't pitchin' fer this ball club, neither.

PITCHER: Say, are you insultin' my lady friend?

CATCHER: Wait till you get a lady friend an' I'll see what I can do.

The last batter is retired. The home team scatter to their positions and the opponents trot in from the field. The relief pitcher walks to the box, and the catcher starts towards the plate.

PITCHER: Hey, what's th' score?

CATCHER: Ask th' dame; she's got a score card.

James Kevin McGuinness.

## Ministering Angel

YOU hover o'er my bedside drear,  
My every asking word you hear;  
You're mine for better or for worse,  
You know my every care and ill,  
You press upon my lips—a pill:  
My nurse, J. S. H.

## A digestive aid that does not defeat its purpose!



GASTROGEN Tablets promptly relieve indigestion, "heartburn" and gas. Unlike many other correctives they give relief without interfering with the normal process of digestion.

The most common thing to take, as you probably know, is an alkali such as soda bicarbonate. Soda bicarbonate does correct hyper-acidity, but unless you use exactly the right amount, it goes too far and an alkaline content remains in your stomach which checks digestion.

For the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of one per cent)—that is the normal condition for healthy digestion.

### Gastrogen Tablets work in a better way!

Gastrogen Tablets promptly neutralize acidity and then permit digestion to go on. They relieve the distress—and there they stop.

A few minutes after taking, your stomach will be free from alkalinity and normally digesting your food. Your indigestion will vanish, your "heartburn" will be gone. Even if you take a dozen there can be no bad after effect, for when Gastrogen Tablets have corrected hyper-acidity they cease to work and pass through the system with no further change.

### Gastrogen is pleasant and safe

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective, and convenient. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste and they purify the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

# GASTROGEN Tablets

© Bristol-Myers, 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-56  
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Romance      She Launched a Thousand Ships      Christmas

# The Golden Book

Balzac  
O Henry  
France  
"Mr. Dooley"  
Tolstoi  
Capuana  
Korolenko  
Bret Harte  
Rann Kennedy  
Dostoievsky  
Stevenson

## A New Kind of Magazine!

**The contributors?** Such story writers as Owen Wister, Mark Twain, Stewart Edward White, Barrie, Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Maupassant, Tarkington, Bunner, Davis, Hickman, and their like—Masters of the Magic Word.

You have entertainment and, besides, the education that comes from reading with delight the masterpieces of literature.

The point is that THE GOLDEN BOOK interests you, stimulates your imagination, tickles your sense of humor, adds to your feeling for beauty.

Nearly 200,000 are reading its covers off.

25c at the newsstands, \$3.00 a year

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP.  
N. Y.

## Passing the Buccaneer

**G**R-R-RUMP! The boat grated on the gently shelving beach and Captain Martin Blunderbuss, "The Brawling Barracuda of the Gulf," stepped out into the pearly Floridian dawn.

"Cram me wi' souvenir alligators," he muttered, "this don't look like the place at all."

Martin Blunderbuss was an old-time pirate whose romantic adventures were as yet uncharted by Rafael Sabatini. How he happened to be in present-day Florida had best be left to the explanation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"Welcome to Grunt Key, my friend, welcome!" boomed a voice suddenly. "Welcome to Grunt Key, the Happiness Land, Sunshine Haven, the Playground of Rajahs of Finance—"

"Aye, and pretty play I have seen here in my time," returned Blunderbuss; "the glint of starlight on flickering blades, the desperate hide-and-seek of women prisoners, the hempen dance of death...but harkee—"

"Blintz is the name," rejoined the other, "not Harkey. Sol J. Blintz, of the Blintz Developments, Inc. Looking for a good investment?"

"I have come from Beyond," said Blunderbuss, "to reveal a treasure."

"Oh," said Blintz, "treasure-hunt stuff. Well, that's pretty good for the small suckers. It ain't as good as a hot-dog treat and free music, though."

"Fool, listen to me if you would be rich—"

"Say, you got a good line for the game, all right. How is it I ain't seen you before?" asked Blintz.

"Clap the hatches over that windy cave of yours and listen," growled the Captain irritably. "My time is short."

"Elegant," applauded Blintz, "elegant and insulting. You got a salesman's future before you, my friend."

"I have a past—a hideous past," declared the Captain impressively. "And in expiation they have let me come to tell where lies the treasure."

"Goose pimples you're giving me," encouraged Blintz, "and I am beginning to believe you. I would believe anything. This is a wonderful country. Go ahead. How much is this treasure?"

"Ten thousand English pounds!"

"Oh!" Disappointment showed plainly in Blintz's voice. "Fifty grand. I knew there was a catch."

"Aye, a pretty catch. Decks ran red for it, and the air reeked with the lethal breath of cannon and rang with the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying...."

"My, my," interrupted Blintz, "you do that swell, my friend. You sure it ain't more than fifty grand?"

"More?" bellowed Captain Blunderbuss. "You hungry dog! By the scurbitic second mate of 'Las Tres Hermanas de Castilla'—"



# RUSSELL PATTERSON



**Makes a  
\$150  
Drawing  
in a  
Few Hours!**

—and now teaches you his original methods in a series of 20 snappy lessons—brimful with sparkling interest from the very start—a departure from the purely conventional. This training constitutes the last word in Humorous Illustration, teaching a New Art for a New Age—a pleasant relief from the old style, standardized instruction. Learn to draw the dashing, peppy types that are all the rage as exemplified by Mr. Patterson's numerous contributions to magazines. Let him teach you his clever technique. What profession could compare with this in its irresistible appeal or sheer earning power? Write now for full information.

**Russell Patterson School of  
Humorous Illustration**  
Michigan Ave. at 26th St., Dept. 5  
**CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS**



## Save Money on Golf Balls

Fine quality repaired or reworked balls will save you half your golf ball expense and play just as well as new balls. For the beginner, average player or expert.

1st. Grade Silver Kings or Dunlops, Dz. \$4.00  
1st. Grade Kroffites or Spauldings, Dz. \$4.25  
1st. Grade Assorted Standard Balls, Dz. \$4.00  
3rd. Grade Asst. Cut Practice Balls, Dz. \$2.00  
New Reprocessed Balls - - - Dz. \$4.50

*Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*  
**ECONOMY GOLF BALL COMPANY**  
11 Maiden Lane, New York



## BOW LEGS?

**Our Garter (pat'd)  
Makes Trousers Hang Straight**

**If Legs Bend In or Out  
Self Adjustable  
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down**  
Not a "Form" or "Harness"  
No Metal Springs

Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope  
**THE T. GARTER CO.**  
Dept. 25 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSH.

## CHAPPING - SORES

One treatment soothes the irritation and starts the healing if you use

# Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"I'm telling you," replied Blintz, "it ain't really worth my time to dig up so little. I can dig up three times that without even a shovel. If you wanted a job, now—"

"A job!" bellowed Captain Blunderbuss. "You say that to me—the scourge of the Caribbean, the terror of merchantmen and warships alike. If I had you aboard my 'Leaping Marie' you'd walk the plank for that!"

"Don't get sore," chuckled Blintz. "I've sunk many a fat merchant myself, and once I get 'em aboard my Pullman touring bus, they walk the railroad ties back."

"Then you are not interested in my treasure?" asked Blunderbuss uneasily.

"That ain't a treasure," said Blintz, patiently. "Besides, I doubt if you could buy the land it's on for less than twice what it's worth. I don't know where you got this chicken feed of yours but I doubt it."

"Chicken feed? A king's ransom—"

"And who wants to be a king? Listen, on this key gets built a twenty-million-dollar hotel with a ten-million-dollar club with a million-dollar swimming-pool. Private residences no less than two million up. In an hour from now I got to sell all my holdings and open another development—a hundred-million-dollar development, and after that—say, don't fifty-grand me, my friend; I got a hard week ahead."

"Can't I interest somebody in my treasure?" pleaded Blunderbuss.

"I'm telling you," replied Blintz, "that ain't no treasure. This is a big business country, my friend. You may be a pirate but you got a piker's proposition."

Blunderbuss sighed hopelessly. He was sadly outclassed. A once-romantic figure, albeit violent, his past ravagings loomed petty—snide, even, in his own eyes.

"Then," he said wistfully, "there's nothing for me to do but to get to hell out of here."

"No, no!" said Blintz ingratiatingly. "You got a swell make-up and I got another idea. I will develop a fifty-million-dollar municipal playground and I'll give you the job of superintendent. Maybe the kiddies will be tickled to play pirates with you. They'll help you dig up your treasure."

Henry William Hanemann.

## Vision

FIRST CLIMBER: I saw Mrs. Blueblood on the Avenue.

SECOND CLIMBER: How was she looking?

FIRST CLIMBER: Right past me.

## Static Statistic

IF all the saxophones in the world were placed end to end, and left there, the lull would be extremely soothing.



## \$2000 Reward For This Man's Name

He is the man who kicks about blades not being as good as they used to be, yet when you ask him why he doesn't strop them says "Why bother to strop my blades when new ones are so cheap?"

He has heard a thousand times that a *Twinplex Stropper* will improve a new blade 100% and will keep it keener than new for weeks at a time, and yet he keeps right on spending time and money buying new blades—and then kicks about them.

What is a good name for this fellow? Name him and win a big cash prize.

## How to Enter Contest

Costs nothing to try. Take one of your new *unused* blades to a *Twinplex* dealer, and let him strop it for you. He will be glad to do this free and will give you an entry blank. After that it's up to you.

If your dealer cannot strop a new blade for you, send us his name and one of your new blades properly protected. We will strop and return it with entry blank, free.

If you prefer to save yourself this bother we will send you a New blade stropped on *Twinplex* an entry blank and a ten shave sample of the wonderful new *Twinplex Shaving Cream*, all for 10c. Name your razor when writing.

## TWINPLEX SALES CO.

1748 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York  
London

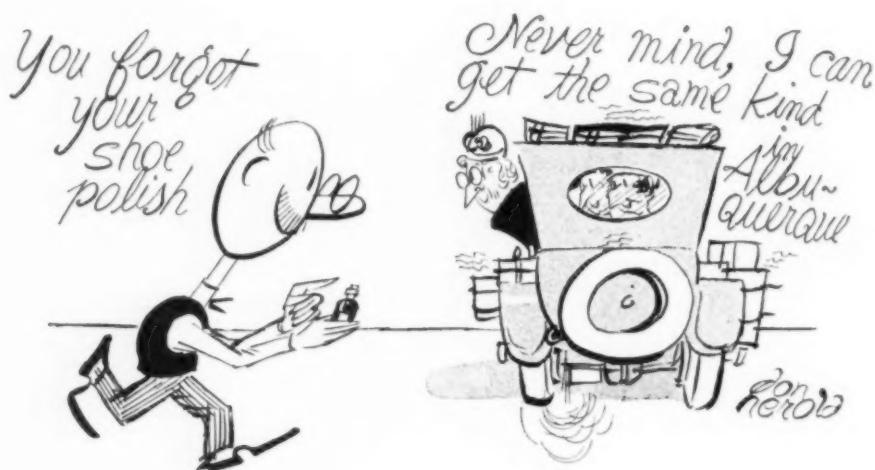
Montreal  
Chicago



# Twinplex Stropers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

LIFE DONATES THIS SERIES IN BEHALF OF BETTER MERCHANDISE



## A NATION GONE NATIONAL

**N**EARLY everybody is national now. America is on wheels. Folks go everywhere. And it has added a new significance to national advertising.

I cite the example of Aunt Emma Consumer, age sixty-six, who motored to California (from Indiana) last Autumn with two older sisters.

Aunt Em was never out of her county until she was fifty. Since then she has been arrested for speeding in 19 States. Ten years ago she had never heard of national advertising, but you know how travel broadens.

(She is now on her way to Florida and expects to winter alternately in Florida and California for the next twenty years until she decides where to settle down.)

Here is Aunt Em on national advertising:

"This here national advertising has made gadding a pleasure. For example, take Warm-Baby Spark Plugs — my favorites. I buy 'em because I can get 'em in any tank town and know what I am buying. For the same reason, I always ask for Rip-Snort Mustard on my hot-dogs.

"National advertising makes it possible for me to go into any store in America and BE HOME. I look at labels and see I am among friends. Your Aunt Emma ties to nationally advertised brands with national distribution, and the result is that anywhere I go I AIN'T A STRANGER."

*Andy  
Consumer*

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS  
ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT



## WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

*B*YOND Wills Sainte Claire there is no ideal to lure the imagination.

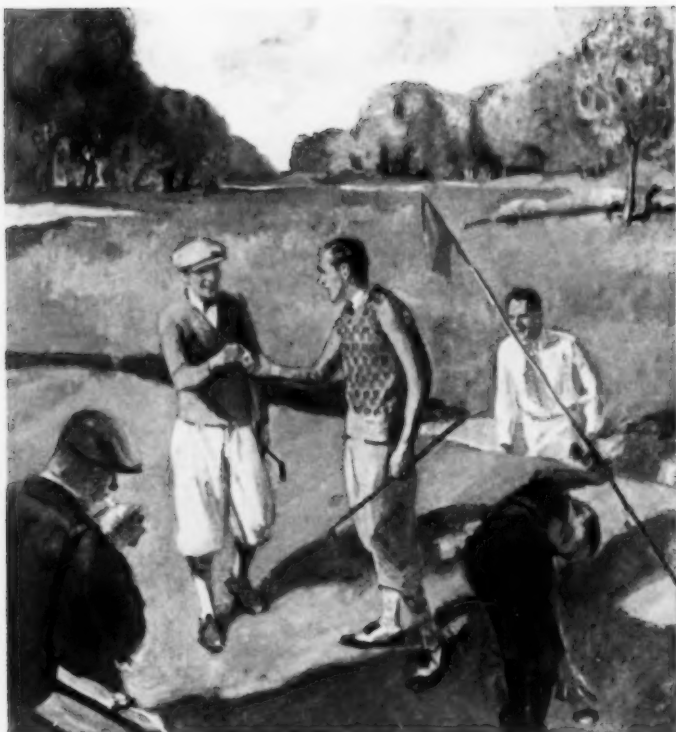
Brawn, speed and power here await the command of those accustomed to command.

That is why Wills Sainte Claire owners are rarely numbered among the restless seekers after something different. *They have found it.*

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE, INC.

*Marysville, Michigan*

*When the first  
glorious day of golf is over—and the  
final putt sinks in the 18th cup—  
when the tense moments end  
in soft mellow twilight  
—have a Camel!*



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN it's glorious evening on the greens. And the last long putt drops home on the 18th hole—have a Camel!

For, all the world over, Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigarette after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success—their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

So, this fine spring day, when your first glorious birdie ends its breathless flight. When you leave the long course to start home, tired and joyous—taste then the smoke that's admitted champion among the world's experienced smokers. Know, then, the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

